



Ironical Bubonic! Supersonic!
A sudsy novella padded into an
opera with scads of classical
music channelling, crystals and
all that new age crap. It was a
tragedy... about an angel named
Bubbles sent to U.B.C as
punishment from God. That's
right Hymn.

Act I

The opera opens as the sun sets
on the big man on campus.
Bubbles enrolls in you-name-it
101. Okay, like one of those
overpriced passion-kiwi-
loganberry faintly tinted
mineral water drinks, Bubbles
rose to the top of her class.
Suddenly revolution breaks out.
Why? Shit like this happens all
the time in operas. Women
Scream! Men are their usual
asshole selves! Apparently,
children were seen but not
heard. A bomb blows up!!!
Some hall catches on fire.
Bubbles escapes, the revolution
goes flat, the plot thins out.
Then....Drought! Famine!
Pestilence! (At this point,
please discard all logic) A
roving band of Irishmen swept
into the town, leaving a path of
Lucky Charms (don't cha know.)
Purple harps, pink darts, dark
Guinness.

Intermission
(not a second too soon)

Act II
(doesn't happen)

The audience gets fed up with
all this fecal matter and
leaves. Each picking up a copy
of.....

T H E



D I S
C O R
D E R

THAT
MAGAZINE
FROM
CITR FM 102





2ND SKIN

FALL 88

WINTER 89

FASHION



IF YOU KNOW WHERE IT IS,

YOU KNOW WHERE IT'S AT.

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DISORDER

SEPTEMBER 1988*ISSUE #68

EDITOR Kevin Smith

ASSISTANT EDITOR David Firman

WRITERS Esther Hadley, Pat Carroll, Rob

Lorenz, Lloyd Uliana, Andrea Lupini,

Michael Grigg, John Frymire, Patrick Mokrane,

John Ruskin, Janis McKenzie, Bill Mullan,

Gavin Walker, Norm Van Rassel, Matt

Richards, Pete Lutwyche, Ian Crutchley, Paul

Steenhuisen, Peter Courtemanche

ART DIRECTOR Marty George

ARTISTS Roxanna Bikadoroff, Alan George,

Karen Shea, Debora Brundrett

PHOTOGRAPHER Mandel Ngan

COVER Joe Payne, Miles Harrison

PRODUCTION MANAGER Pat Carroll

LAYOUT BY Teresa Cole, Bill Baker, Viola

Funk, Karen Shea, Randy Iwata

PROGRAM GUIDE BY Kathryn Hayashi

WORDPROCESSING Barb Wilson, Viola Funk,

Karen Long

TYPESETTING AMS Desktop Publishing

Dept., Ted Aussem, Alexandra Johnson

ADVERTISING MANAGER Matt Richards

ACCOUNTS AND SUBSCRIPTION GUY Randy

Iwata

DISTRIBUTION MANAGER John Frymire

PUBLISHER Harry Hertscheg

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straight

and

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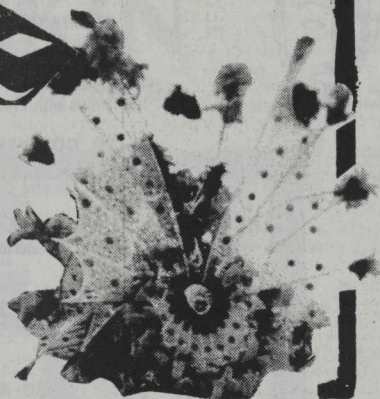
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ANSWERS, ANSWERS, ANSWERS

Dear Airhead,

Ah. Someone who feels like I do. "You only live once" pointed out that people seem to think a person carrying a camera is—ta-da! A tourist!—No no no. A slap on the hand to all who have such a view. There are some of us out there who live in Vancouver and also possess a strange attraction to cameras.

I do enjoy reading *Discorder* and listening to CITR (although it seems a bit bizarre at times). And can anyone tell me if the band known as "Roots Roundup" have any sort of LP or tape? I've seen them a couple of times live and enjoyed it very much.

These short stories in *Discorder* are pretty—um, what's the word?—well they're not really run-of-the-mill short stories.

What is the meaning of the colour scheme used in *Discorder*? Do purple and green have some hidden meaning I am unaware of? And is Tiffany some sort of devious plot by subversive people to infiltrate the radio stations and brainwash these young teenagers? Perhaps there are subliminal messages in her videos? Something must be going on, her records are selling and people are going to her concerts. I think it's a conspiracy against real music. Anyway keep up the good work at CITR (why is the "i" small and not a capital?)!!

If my head doesn't blow up from wearing a Lillian headband I'll write again. Thanx.

Dressed in black

P.S. Is it cool to just have one name? Like Tiffany, or Pebbles, or Candi, etc. etc.? Beware thou the mutants on the radio dial!

Yes, *Roots Roundup* have a cassette release which can probably be gotten most easily through the band themselves at 3351 Quebec Place, Vancouver, V5V 3H6. They are having a party on Sept. 16 at the Lux to celebrate the release of their new cassette which will be available in the appropriate stores. The meaning behind the colour scheme in *Discorder* is so subtle yet intricate that we ourselves do not fully comprehend its significance within the larger scheme of things. All we at *Discorder* have to say regarding Tiffany is that this much maligned singer is truly a talented artist and one hot babe to boot. What small "I"?

X MARKS THE SPOT

Dear Airhead,

Re: Christopher David's letter in the July *Discorder*.

Hey Chris, got a better one for ya. Ronald Wilson Reagan can also be re-arranged to spell

Insane Anglo Warlord. Ever seen a name with so many demonic connotations?

Harry X. Truman

WRONG PLACE, WRONG TIME

Dear Airhead:

Life of a Paranoid Cynic

Someone on Robson asked me if he could borrow a cigarette today, he wouldn't take it. The "coolest of cool" only smoke Dunhill. I've never till today heard of the clothing store whose slogan says "Alternative looks, for alternative people". I did look around to see if I could find a mass of hip people looking alternative in precisely the same unique alternative way. Do you think I saw them? What of the poor starving artist who begged me for two dollars yesterday? I followed his faded torn Levi's home and waited. Sure enough he came out a few minutes later his feet clad in shoes you can only buy at the place where one can be "enlightened" with a peek at the future. I checked later—the cost: one hundred and fifty dollars. I continued to follow him where he made his "appearance over cappuccino" at "The Cafe".

"Heaven forbid," I overheard, "that anyone would be caught dead at that place on Seymour". So I checked it out again and understood why everyone wore masks and sat hunched in the corners of the shrouded neon gloom. "Did you hear they're giving lessons on attitude at a certain art school in town. You can go there two nights a week for four months and get a diploma you can sew on your jacket."

I cringed at the laughter; so much for enrolling there this fall.

No longer do I confess to being a vegetarian since I was accused of following a trend and depriving myself of protein. No longer would I be caught dead in a rock or mineral store; health food store; downtown nightclub; uptown health club; late night bistro; second hand junk store. Why just last week someone accused me of being an intellectual at the local bookstore. My warning to you is watch yourself when you're at the record store. Could you imagine the humiliation of running into someone you know in the wrong aisle? For God's sake stay away from your local supermarket. Haven't you heard they're the latest pick-ups pits?

I was planning on changing residence but I'm confused. Kits is too cosmic, North Shore too nouveau riche, West End is pretentious and East Van is too raunchy. I haven't even considered the suburbs; everyone knows only trash lives out there.

What does that leave us to eat, or wear; to live at, or do. I have resorted to donning a wig, some shades and skulking around in long boots and a trenchcoat.

I live in constant fear of being caught in the wrong place at the wrong time, wearing the wrong clothes and using...Gawd, yesterday's slang, while I listen to the wrong Walkman with headphones that never fucking work properly anyway.

You didn't expect me to sign
my name did ya?

Huh?

THANKS VERY MUCH

Dear Airhead,

This is the most vile, disgusting, confusing, hard to understand, opinionated, scary piece of publication I have ever laid eyes on. Keep up the good work! I have a lot of getting sick of Teen Magazine.

Lola Strickland
Savannah, Georgia
USA

UMMM, I THINK...

Dear Sir or Madam,

I am wondering if you can give me some assistance in tracking down a record or the name of the artist, etc.

Approximately two years ago I was listening to your radio in the late afternoon on a weekday and some music came on that was quite weird but really interesting. I have no idea who or what it was and can only try to give you a description of the music and hope that you will know who I am referring to. The music started out sounding like a train station with something coming over a PA system in the background and people milling around. Then I believe it progressed to a train going down the tracks making clickety-clack sounds, and periodically some horns (as in brass section I think) would make a supposed train kind of horn sound, then further along there was some chicken noise. It would have to be described as "bizarre", but it was really hilarious and my kids and I enjoyed it. We had taped it at the time, but have since either lost the tape or taped over it, but I hoped that perhaps this vague description would ring a bell with someone at the station and I could find out the name of the artist and where to get a copy of the record or whatever.

I hope you can be of help and look forward to hearing from you.

Sincerely,
Judie Rousselle

Ha, ha, ha. Ya right. Anyone?

AND THANK YOU

Dear Freaks and Geeks,

As I sit here, flipping thru your rag, I find myself, a salivating metal (slash hardcore, now with all this crossover shit going on) maniac being utterly enthralled with this collection of utterly biased bullshit. This is exactly what the metal scene needs! A publication with balls! I find all of the so-called "metal" fanzines unfit for wrapping rotten fish. Poison Poison Poison, Crue Crue Crue, Ratt, etc. It's enough to make a thrasher cut his/her hair. The bands out now should pay more attention to heavy fast playing and less to the new edition of Vogue. True, Metallica and Nuclear Assault still carry the bangers' banner, but I find these bands a dying breed. Whatever happened to local fave's Witches' Hammer and Ground Zero? The local scene has me crying in my beer. I long for the days when Motorhead was Motorhead, and Poison was just another word for bad acid. I am glad to see Power Chord still going strong, although I don't have cable and only catch the show when possible. So more power to you Airhead, you fucking fabulous freak, and more Power Chord to ya! ARRRRRRRGGGGH!

A Fellow Freak,
Jeremy Galan

P.S. The metal scene needs an antidote, and its name is SLAYER!!!!

GIVE IT BACK

Greedly "Skate Punks"!

You stole our tape! On August 9, on the steps of the Vancouver Art Gallery, at approximately 11:05 pm, you (about 16 years old, skinny, one length inch long straight bleach blond hair, grey poncho, soft features, perpetual sneer) and you (same age, medium length brown hair, a bit taller in blue sweat shirt). BOTH OF YOU STOLE MY TAPE RECORDER FROM BEHIND MY BACK AS I PERFORMED Environmental MUSIC ON THE SIDEWALK.

WHY!

I had been playing steadily for about two

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hours and was concentrating on resolving a collected piece I had been building for 85 minutes on a ninety minute tape. Then both of you went behind me and ripped off my document. THAT WAS WRONG. GIVE IT BACK.

49 has been performing for nearly two months now and we feel this tape recording is an intrinsically priceless and valuable record of our music.

We would imagine that, to you, the tape is little more than another piece of stolen property at your disposal containing little or no value.

You know this is true. SO LISTEN.

You both know who you are and you're reading this right now. SO RETURN THE TAPE. Go ahead. Keep the Realistic Walkman if you feel you must have it. We don't really care anymore. If that's what you had to steal, and you want it, it's yours. BUT THE TAPE ISN'T YOURS. It belongs to us. So would you kindly give it back...

No cops, kiddies. No questions asked. Just return the tape to the address of this station, leave it at the Zen on Howe with a message, or leave an anonymous message to the machine at 683-7238 telling us where we can pick it up.

Do you have any conscience whatsoever?

Ambivalently yours,
49

□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□

it's True!

Well, the BIG news this month is, of course, SHINDIG. Details of this wonderful extravaganza brought to you by CiTR can be found on page 12 of this month's issue. A late addition to the spoils for the 1st place finisher comes from FLUID SOUND STUDIOS who have kindly donated 24 hours of pre-production time. Other CiTR presentations for the month of September begin on the 6th with a live broadcast from the Plaza at UBC beginning at 8:15am and continuing until 5:00pm; the broadcast will feature two 45 minute performances (at 11:30am and 12:30pm) by BOB'S YOUR UNCLE. Also on the 6th, CiTR brings to you ROBYN HITCHCOCK at the Commodore. Other presentations are: OVER-SOUL SEVEN with THE LYRES at the Town Pump on the 15th; BILLY BRAGG at the Commodore on the 23rd and 24th; PERE UBU and JOHN CALE at Club Soda on the 25th; and WEDDINGS, PARTIES, ANYTHING in the SUB BALLROOM on the 29th.

Hey, who says CiTR doesn't do its part for the youth of Canada. Check-out a feature about the station on the Rogers Cable 4 show ACCENT ON YOUTH to be seen on Sunday, September 4th. Tune in and discover the truth.

More matters of truth...CiTR has recently uncovered a shocking conspiracy that is sweeping the Vancouver area. We must stop it now! CiTR has learned that there are several people who not only think they can't pick us up but are also telling others that "you can't pick up CiTR." We have no idea how many hundreds or even thousands of potential listeners have been brainwashed by these lies. We must set the record straight—now! It's not our measly 49-watt signal that stops you from picking us up, it's your lack of perseverance and resourcefulness (ie. your sloth) that is the root of the problem. For tips on how to pick up CiTR, turn to page 43. To find out how you can win a bunch of fun prizes just by being able to pick up CiTR, turn to page 31. We also have prizes for a lucky person who can prove that they can't pick us up. Help stop the conspiracy.

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NOW LISTEN HERE ...

DISCORDER asked some CiTR bigshot types to let us all know just what the heck is going to happen in this wacky world of ours regarding music and other stuff.

Matt Richards
BATTERSEA PARK GARDENS
WEDNESDAYS 10:00am-1:00pm
I predict that welder's caps will be the next big fashion item. Not masks, caps.

Pete Lutwyche
NEON MEATE DREAM
TUESDAYS 6:30-9:00pm
I tell you, Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan, the brightest star of Qawwali music, is going to be big. Bigger than Elvis. Catch him on my show before he gets on the CFOX playlist.

Ian Crutchley and Paul Steenhuisen
ARE YOU SERIOUS MUSIC?
SUNDAYS 8:00am-noon

Paul: It's very difficult to predict anything happening in the field of music, which is the least hip, least exposed, but most stimulating of the arts. It is not a new idea to say that many people are not particularly interested in the serious music of the Twentieth Century. So what. Many neat things are still happening. Hopefully Philip Glass will revert to being a taxi driver again, and the Canadian Music Centre's Centrediscs label will receive the attention it deserves for its work in promoting Canadian music. Sting and Miles Copeland also deserve credit for their new label, Pangaea. They plan to release somewhat esoteric music which should be good as long as Sting keeps his hands off the actual artistic directions of the label's output. People should also keep an eye on what is coming out of the U.B.C. School of Music. Although nothing in the form of vinyl or CD is being produced, there are worthwhile live performances of new music by faculty, local, and student composers. These take place at various times between September and April.

Also, Vanna will marry Mr. T for his big chain; Paul McCartney will star in *Caveman II*; and Mormons will finally find a tablet with scriptures buried deep in the mountains of the new Zion, inscribed upon which will be the words, "Just Kidding!"

Ian: Like Paul said, it is difficult to predict anything in the art of music these days. Trends come and go, personalities fade as quickly as they appear, almost as quickly as they do in pop music. All I can say is that I hope composers continue to take advantage of the artistic freedom now available. There is a lot of music out there that is good, and just as much that is bad. We are in no position to determine which is which. Only the future can tell what music being produced today is important.

As for the music scene in this town, the V.S.O. will rise up and be successful once again. My only hope is that they do not totally sell out and become a Boston Pops type ensemble. I'd like to see them come to a middle ground in which they can satisfy both popular and artistic tastes, thus selling more tickets. They must endeavour to perform more Canadian, and specifically local music. Other groups in the city deserve attention too, such as the university's fine ensembles, and the Vancouver Opera, which will hopefully get better and better.

Also, Steven Spielberg will direct a film version of Richard Strauss' *Salome*.

Jack Nicholson will sing the lead. *Sid Vicious* will once again spoil any hopes of a *Sex Pistols* reunion tour, and *Jim Morrison* and *John Lennon* will be found alive in South Africa collaborating on an operatic version of the sixties myth. Finally, *Steve Reich* and *Philip Glass* will receive raves for a year of silence that they will hopefully repeat and repeat and repeat and...

Norm Van Rassel
SWIRLING LIFELIKE COLOURS OF VINYL SPIN

TUESDAYS 9:00pm-midnight

So what's going to be the next **BIG THING**? Three minute house tracks on C-FUN? Ten year olds wearing *Art Bergmann* T-shirts to school?

When the next **BIG THING** arrives I'll be asleep. I'm talking boredom here. Music in its many disguises stands on its individual merits. There is a fine line separating brilliance from shit. The music business stands on the musicians, occasionally lifting one foot long enough for some misguided individual(s) to utter a whimper (**THE NEXT BIG THING**) before once again being squashed back into obscurity (or absurdity). The dodgy artist avoids the underside of the boot longer perhaps than the rest.

It's our responsibility to ourselves not to burden our precious brain cells worrying about the next **BIG THING**. When the next **BIG THING** gets that **BIG** it's only made itself that much smaller.

Bill Mullan
RETURN OF THE THUNDERGODS
(a prediction)

Actually, 'return' is probably the wrong word, because it's more a spirit of adventure that I'm concerned with here than a definable genre. Consider a few realities:

i) NASA researchers have recently released photographs of what appears to be a **HUGE** (twenty miles square) humanlike face on the surface of Mars.

ii) even as you read this, the Russian space program has ships on their way to Mars; as well, a cosmonaut recently spent a full year in space with no serious physical or psychological side-effects.

iii) despite the *Space Shuttle* fuck-ups and disasters, the American space program is getting back on track, and also setting its sights on Mars.

iv) music technology is continuing to move faster than even those theoretically on top of it are able to figure.

v) it's almost hip again to admit you're a space cadet.

vi) the new *Star Trek* is way better than the old one.

What am I getting at? Very simple: a resurgence of good solid modern music which



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will be inspired by the dawning of what appears to be a second Space Age, and humanity's resulting expanded consciousness (this will happen!). Reflect for a moment back on 1969 (assuming you can reflect that far), July 20th to be specific, the day Neil Armstrong first trod on the moon. I don't think it's a coincidence that a new wrinkle on popular rock 'n' roll reared its head round about the same time. I'm speaking of cosmic rock, of course. Huge concepts, daring experiments, possibilities as limitless as the Universe itself!

It's no secret, of course, that volumes have been written about how this era was pretty much the nadir of rock 'n' roll. Crucial bands of the time like Yes, Genesis, Pink Floyd (even aspects of Led Zeppelin) have been well-crucified, and justifiably so. They did break a lot of rules, took off on some fairly absurd tangents. What do Yogic Scriptures have to do with Buddy Holly? What do Giant Hogweeds have to do with Little Richard?

But ultimately, so what! Rules are made to be massacred, and the cheap technology is well within our grip to take us places that former cosmic rockers couldn't even have dreamed possible. I'm not talking about songs about outer space here, nor am I talking about an 'Electric Lunch' style resurgence of buried antiquities. It's got more to do with the return of a certain attitude: the one that says, sure rock 'n' roll is all about fucking, but

it's also all about thunder, the awesome power of nature, the infinite black hit of space. It's about boldly going where no man has gone before, setting the controls for the heart of the sun, firing all of the guns at once and . . . you know the rest.

If you've caught Butthole Surfers live, you've caught a hint of what I'm getting at: a big, ugly, scary, wonderful noise that will take you right off the planet if you let it. But the Buttholes only use guitars and drums, and they still don't know how to play them. Consider them the tip of the iceberg.

And I didn't even mention drugs.

Peter Courtemanche
ABSOLUTE VALUE OF NOISE
FRIDAYS 3:00-5:00pm

I was sitting at the kitchen table shelling green peas when I suddenly realised what the next big thing is going to be.

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causing everyone so much trouble is also man made:

Customized Killer Viruses will be the Next Big Thing.

Gavin Walker
THE JAZZ SHOW
MONDAYS 9:00pm-12:30am

Courtney Pine is a jazz voice of the future. He is 23 years old, an Englishman (born of Jamaican parents) and a fine soprano and tenor saxophonist. He has two albums under his belt. The first, a fine effort called *Journey To the Urge Within* (Island 1120), was a promising affair that tended to cover too many bases to be a fully effective jazz record. His second, *Destiny's Song* (The Image of Pursuance) (Island 1179), is a pure jazz album on which the Pine compositions are explored on his horns and backed by several outstanding rhythm sections. The only non-Pine tune is *Thelonious Monk's 'Round Midnight*. Played solo on tenor, it is a tribute to Pine's control of the horn. Monk himself would smile.

Courtney was asked to join the Elvin Jones, Art Blakey and George Russell bands, but doesn't want to live in the States. He feels he has much work to do to keep jazz alive in England. He is intense, spiritually driven and possesses not only a big soul but a big sound. Check out his second album and hear a jazz voice of tomorrow. ☆

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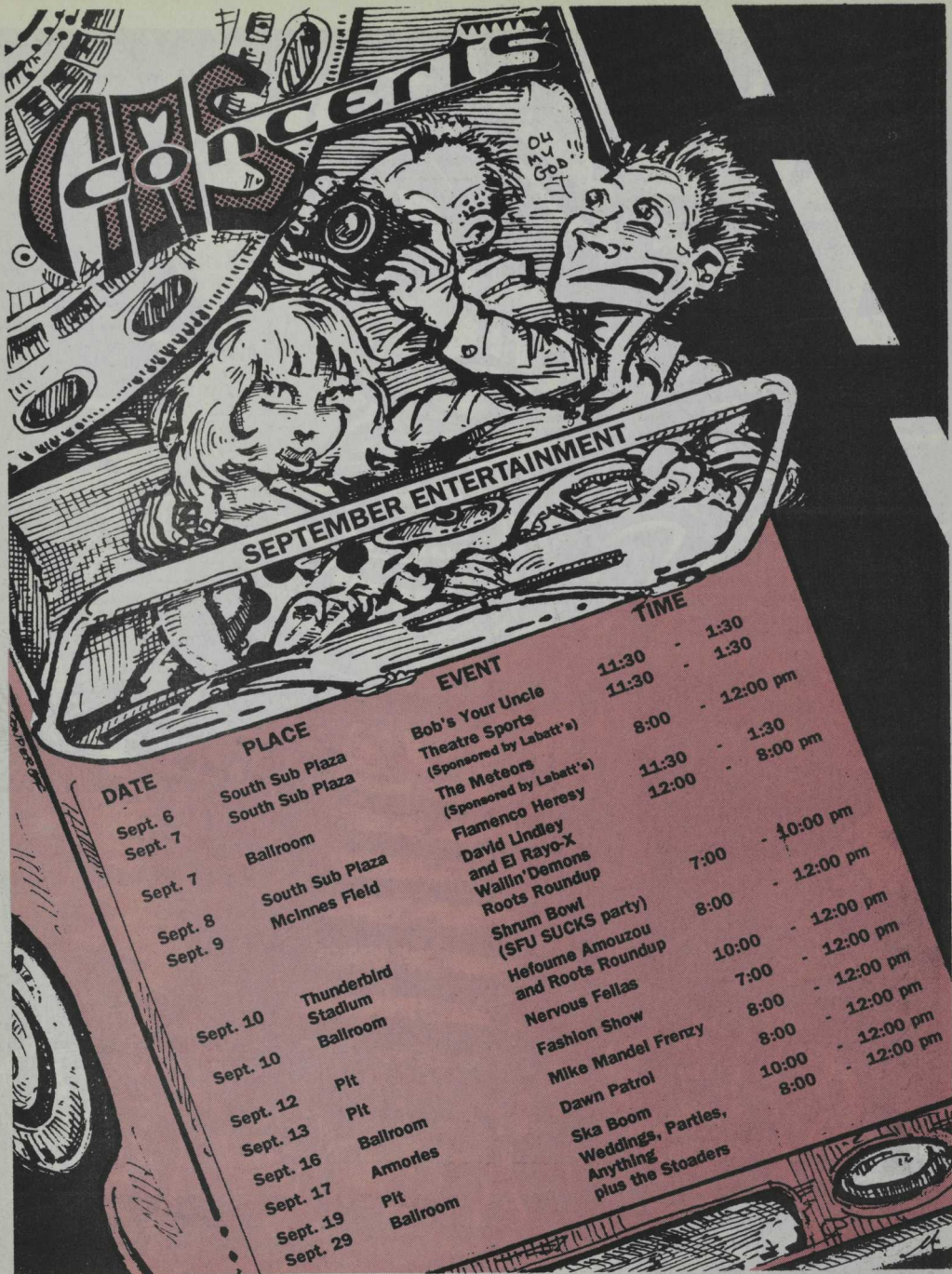
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SEPTEMBER ENTERTAINMENT

DATE	PLACE	EVENT	TIME
Sept. 6	South Sub Plaza	Bob's Your Uncle	11:30 - 1:30
Sept. 7	South Sub Plaza	Theatre Sports (Sponsored by Labatt's)	11:30 - 1:30
	Ballroom	The Meteors (Sponsored by Labatt's)	8:00 - 12:00 pm
Sept. 7	South Sub Plaza	Flamenco Heresy	11:30 - 1:30
Sept. 8	McInnes Field	David Lindley and El Rayo-X	12:00 - 8:00 pm
Sept. 9		Wallin' Demons	
		Roots Roundup	
		Shrum Bowl (SFU SUCKS party)	7:00 - 10:00 pm
		Hefoune Amouzou and Roots Roundup	8:00 - 12:00 pm
Sept. 10	Thunderbird Stadium	Nervous Fellas	10:00 - 12:00 pm
Sept. 10	Ballroom	Fashion Show	7:00 - 12:00 pm
Sept. 12	Pit	Mike Mandel Frenzy	8:00 - 12:00 pm
Sept. 13	Pit	Dawn Patrol	8:00 - 12:00 pm
Sept. 16	Ballroom	Ska Boom	10:00 - 12:00 pm
Sept. 17	Amorres	Weddings, Parties, Anything plus the Stoaders	8:00 - 12:00 pm
Sept. 19	Pit		
Sept. 29	Ballroom		



Publisher's disclaimer by Harry "Hot Rod" Hertscheg

Mr. Driver's Ed., the author of the following article, has been on summer exchange to our sister publication Really Fast Cars and Really, Really Big Trucks. It's been a difficult time for all of us. SHINDIG introduces good new bands to the people who want to hear them. The "competition" aspect is just our way of encouraging the bands to play and the public to pay.

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For the 3 finalists, prizes, the likes of which are rarely matched in automotive/musical events, will be offered. For the 3rd place finisher, Bullfrog 16 Track Studio and Tire Shop has donated 24 hours of recording time and a full set of Goodyear Racing Slicks. For 2nd place, Profile Aerodynamic Research and Studios have made available 24 hours of recording time in their 24 track studio, and free use of their full size wind tunnel (recently used by previous SHINDIG finalists, the Sons of Freedom Racing, when they were designing their new Indy ground effects racer). Meanwhile, Mushroom Motors and Music has generously offered, as 1st prize, 24 hours of recording time in their 24 track studio, and race prepa-

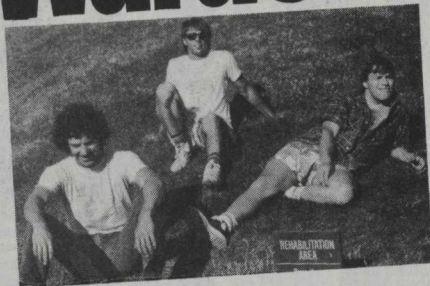
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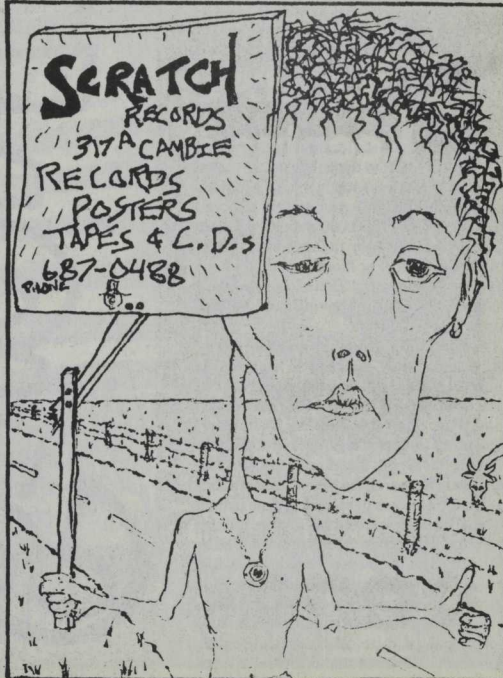
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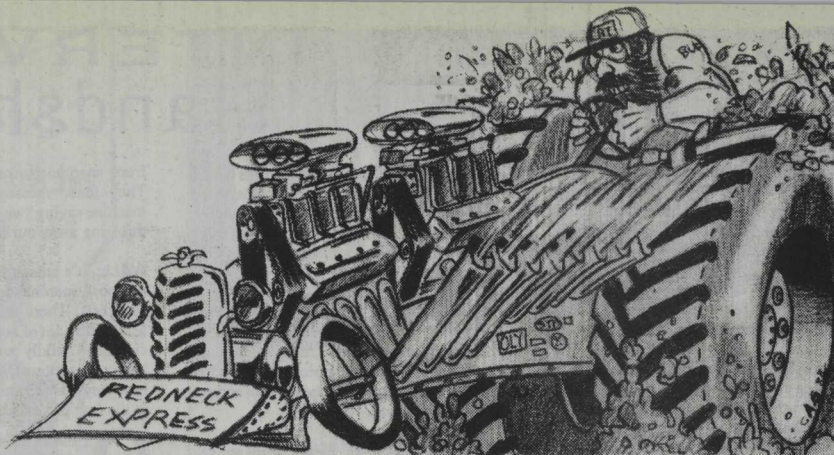
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ration services for the automotive competition of the winner's choice. The judging for these events has been, and will be, carried out by individuals whose experience and knowledge has made SHINDIG the watchword for quality within automotive/musical circles. While we can't reveal the identity of this season's panel, past members have included "Big Daddy" Don Garlits, "Connie" Calletta, Al Unser Sr. and Jr., personnel from the equipment supply companies, and an array of highly qualified Drivers/DJs from CITR.

Groups interested in entering the '88 SHINDIG should send a cassette tape with at least 2-3 original songs, a record of their finishes in approved automotive competition for the past two seasons, and a contact phone number. The address at CITR is UBC Radio, 6138 SUB BLVD., VANCOUVER, BC, V6T 2A5. Or you can drop off your tapes and other information in person at CITR. CITR can be found on the east side of the 2nd floor of the SUB racing complex at UBC, right next to the SUB Ballroom and Dirt Track Racing Oval. Although SHIN-

DIG has been noted in previous seasons for its more straight ahead musical entries, it is in fact open to any group which would like a chance to play. For example, the second place finish of last season by One Riddim Racing, a reggae mountain bike team, showed just what is possible when the FINALS of SHINDIG roll around. For further information contact Linda "Cha Cha" Scholten in person at CITR or by phoning 228-3017 during office hours (Mon. - Fri., 10-4).

by Pat "Driver's Ed." Carroll

CAPAC: Keeping it close to the street

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MALCOLM'S INTERVIEW

Looking For A Handshake

“When our album ‘Breakfast in Bedlam’ (now available domestically through Vancouver’s Festival Records) was released in Britain, it was just ignored by the Cartel,” admits a furious David Allan, bassist of Malcolm’s Interview. “We’re very bitter about this, actually, because the Smiths had broken up and they had 250,000 records to clear. That took up all the promotional budget, so nothing really happened. Now it’s starting to take hold by word of mouth.”

Allan and cohorts Josephine Swiss, David Wall, and Jon Townend are Malcolm’s Interview - an aggressive, countertified version of compatriots New Model Army; MI’s headline sentiment further ties the two acts together. Their much anticipated and highly publicized arrival at the Vancouver Folk Festival this summer, plus a handful of in-town performances that followed, and subsequent cross-Canada tour, leave the quartet, on this continent anyway, with very little to be bitter about. The local welcome wagon hordes certainly could have no complaints about the MI’s performance.

ALLAN: The Folk Festival must shatter people’s great illusions about folk. I think DOA are a fantastic folk band...I mean lyrically. They may not sing in the traditional folk idiom...

TOWNEND: People seem to have a different conception of folk over here. If you dare to call yourself a folk band in England, you’d probably get canned off.

WALL: It’s the kiss of death.

TOWNEND: You’ve got to be a ‘roots band’, whereas over here folk music tends to be alive and kicking. People respect it. The folk listener in Britain seems to be very much this old bearded-and-sweatered brigade.

ALLAN: ...the folk nazis.

TOWNEND: It’s only recently because of this sort of roots revival ... a root revolution has happened that young people are actually starting to listen to it and finding it an acceptable musical form.

Deriving their name from an unskilled, uneducated character on a British TV ad whom is taken for a ride in a government initiated hiring program that ultimately benefits no one as takers are paid slave wages and are not guaranteed positions when the allotted period has expired, Malcolm’s Interview has been in existence for four years, evolving through various line-up changes that once included Zero Rek of the Baffish Boys. A 12" single and an acappella rendition of Sea Never Dry on the Cutting Edge (Cooking Vinyl) various artists compilation round out previous recordings.

TOWNEND: Sea Never Dry - our acappella version has proved beyond our expectations. It’s proved to be a wild success. Everyone loves it, for whatever reason. We never imagined it would be such a hit at the time.

ALLAN: It’s quite gratifying because a lot of hardcore...well hardcore is the wrong word...but bands like Chumbawamba...they’ve put away their instruments and just released a 10" acappella record. We get calls

from anarcho-punks all over the country. They leave messages on the answering machine saying “we like what you do, we’re throwing away our instruments.”

WALL: It’s amazing in the UK, a lot of the hardcore-anarchic following has turned to acappella. There was an underground release with a lot of acappella music on it that circulated wildly and widely through the hardcore section of the country. That’s really how they latched onto Malcolm’s Interview in the first place, and it’s quite surprising.

Of the significance of the four covers included on the twelve song *Breakfast in Bedlam* (Moving On - MacColl; Which Side Are You On - Gaughan; Pound a Week - Pickford; and Bragg’s It Says Here) Swiss explains, “I think there’s always people you want to refer to because you respect them. It’s a token of admiration for certain writers.”

Mumblings of agreement from the remaining trio ensue. Townend continues the explanation, “Ewan MacColl wrote *Moving On* about the travelling people...gypsies of Britain in the 60s for instance. But this song is just as relevant now as it was nearly twenty years ago. Similar things are happening in Britain today. That’s half the thrill of taking an old folky radio ballad and getting anarcho-punks throwing themselves at each other and slam dancing to it. I think that Ewan MacColl should be shaking us by the hand!”

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WOMEN OF THE FOLK FEST

LA's acoustic guitar toting Phranc takes a personal approach to resistance which deals with: the individual, the individual woman specifically, and the potential that exists for self-actualization through the rejection of heterosexual conformity; dependence on men economically, sexually, and emotionally; patterns of socialization; and gender identification.

Billing herself as "a basic all-American Jewish lesbian folksinger" Phranc, along with Nova Scotia's Faith Nolan and NY's Alix Dobkin, headed up the L-Word women's issues-oriented workshop which proved to be a highlight of the eleventh edition of the Vancouver Folk Festival, and perhaps the performance that sparked the most enthusiastic and heartfelt response of the weekend.

"I come out on stage as a lesbian wherever I play because I feel that people everywhere should know that they have that option...that you can grow up and be whoever you want to be and look whatever you want to look like and it's okay...that you can be a healthy, successful individual and not fit into a little canned idea of what a person's supposed to be like. I feel that the more I come out and say who I am, the more it wears down that old stigma of it's not okay to say it and let's hide and pretend. I just lay all the cards on the table. Plus, then people can't use any ammo against you if you're honest in yourself. I think honesty is very important; it doesn't matter who I'm playing for. I've always gotten a really wonderful response, and I play mainly for pop/rock audiences in club situations. I don't do that many folk festivals. I haven't so far. And I don't do that many shows for women only, so that's not my target. My target is the general public, especially going out to young audiences and being myself and singing songs which aren't all about being a lesbian."

The most striking characteristic of a Phranc show is her brash, wholehearted sense of humour which reaffirms lesbian values, true, but also invites in those on the fringes of lesbian culture, and those attempting to simply become aware of the issues.

"It's important when you want to talk about serious things. I feel like you gotta have a sense of humour. Usually, no matter how heavy the song is, with the exception of very, very few of my songs, there is a little bit of humour in there because I feel that if you open up that little crack in somebody...that little door in their minds, you can slip a whole lot in, but you gotta let them open up first. But if you go out and try to hit somebody over the head with something, they're just

gonna clam up real tight. You're not gonna get to wheedle anything in there. So I think a sense of humour is one of the most important tools in communicating, and especially in songwriting."

Many Folk Fest patrons were quite distressed in not being able to track down her Rhino-released/miserably Capitol-promoted solo LP *Folksinger* on the folk fest grounds nor in any of the record shops around town. It's nothing new for Phranc who was faced with the same situation when she opened for the Smiths on the *Queen Is Dead* tour. "We toured eastern Canada and did the whole US, and I played for thousands of people a night, and some would go to the record stores and there would be no record! So that tour was like out the window for me. It was wonderful, but as far as selling records it could have been really tremendous and it wasn't."

Phranc goes back into the studio this month with Victor DeLorenzo at the con-

trols. In fact, it's being recorded at the ex-Violent Femme drummer's Milwaukee studios. What can listeners look forward to on the upcoming LP? Phranc explains:

"*Bloodbath*, which is about the situation in South Africa, will be on there. A song I've written about my two grandmothers called *Miriam and Esther*. Both my grandmothers were a really big part of my life, growing up...one has Alzheimer's and the other is in a home now...so they're completely dysfunctional. It's a song about how much they mean to me and how they live on inside of me. Then there's a song called *Double Decker Beds* which talks about giving up my bunk bed which I had until November. I had to find out the hard way that adult relationships don't happen real well in bunk beds. I always wanted to have this incredible *Leave It To Beaver* bedroom, and I did! I was the only one who seemed to appreciate it though. So anyway, it's kind of this sad love song. It was an expensive lesson...lost a girlfriend, but got the queen-size bed."



"I feel that the more I come out and say who I am, the more it wears down that old stigma of it's not okay to say it and let's hide and pretend. I just lay all the cards on the table."



FAITH NOLAN

"I think it's important that everyone has a cultural and historical identity and as a black Canadian I feel it's important to fill in the history particularly of all those who've been exploited."

As a black lesbian, Faith Nolan knows all about the nature and forms of oppression in modern Canadian society. The Nova Scotia born Nolan brings to life the history of blacks in Canada through song. She recognizes the importance of remembering the past. "I think it's important that everyone has a cultural and historical identity and as a black Canadian I feel it's important to fill in the history particularly of all those who've been exploited. I mean certainly the Japanese, and the Chinese (the Chinese Head of Tax of 1901), and the slaves up until 1834. We all have to recapture our histories because our histories have been lied about so much and distorted. There are only 10 books in Canada on black Canadian history so we have to build our own resources and folklore."

Canadians have ignored these sorts of injustices for far too long. Faith Nolan's stories about Halifax's black community of Africville, which was torn down in the late 1960s, are sobering thoughts for a nation so quick to point a self-righteous and accusing finger at others.

"I know in my house people were coming from Africville and living with us, moving up to Ontario because they didn't have their houses anymore. Like most people who move, they relocate so they can get better jobs. From Africville I focus (in my songs) on people like Marianne Chand, and

Edith Clayton. I also wrote about a friend of mine, Regina, who is in Kingston penitentiary for killing a man. I try to focus on black women because they have certainly contributed, but that kind of history tends to get left out. I guess it's like the history of women in Canada but even more so when it's applied to women of colour."

With a clarity born of personal experience Nolan notes that ideologically, minority movements are at a more mature stage in the U.S. than Canada, giving greater purpose to her own involvement.

"Well, I think that definitely in the U.S. there is a greater connection between racism and lesbianism and other forms of oppression. For instance, at the march I played in Washington there were people of all colours, Jesse Jackson, lots of women, the unemployed, unions, etc. Whereas here, the lesbian and gay movements are just starting to recognize the connection between their struggles and racism and capitalism. Once we develop politically we will see that our struggles are based together and through our unity we will be able to build a better society."

Faith Nolan has two releases available on which her message and mosaic style (drawing from gospel, blues, jazz and reggae influences) can be heard. Write to P.O. Box 690, Station "P", Toronto Ontario, M4S 2Y4, for more information.

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DOIN' THE VANCOUVER SHUFFLE: A NEW THEATRE COMPANY FIGHTS BACK

In the United States, the Americans are so blatant about racial prejudice you can fight it because they call you 'nigger' and they segregate you loud and clear. But the racism in Canada is so subtle, and so elusive you can't really pin it down. Like finding jobs - they tell you "Oh, that job was just filled 15 minutes ago, and if you had come a little earlier you could have had the job." They would have no more hired you than shot themselves.

(Opening Doors, Dorothy Nealy)

If there's one thing that doing research for *The Radio Show* (on CTR Fridays 5:30-6:00pm) has taught me, it's that there's a lot about this city, and the people that live in it, that I never knew about. I didn't know, for example, until I sat glazed-eyed in the IMax Theatre at Canada Place, listening to air show organizers compare in minute detail the various features of fighter planes, just how many Vancouverites flocked out to Abbotsford every year to attend the world's third largest air show. (I still don't know why they flock out to Abbotsford every year to attend the world's third largest air show, but I figure you can't be greedy regarding the knowledge thing.)

If I felt a little insecure about my plane expertise, I'm always more than confident when it comes to covering theatre stories. (Hey, I've taken Theatre 200.) That's why the interviews I did with the artistic director of Vancouver's newest theatre company, and the cast and director of its first production, were such humbling experiences. I realized that I was as ignorant about one aspect of Vancouver theatre as I was about the F-14. Unfortunately, I think my ignorance is shared by a lot of other people in the

city, even those who are involved in the arts. I'm talking about the very real concern of ethnic actors in the city towards the lack of mainstream roles for visible minorities.

Lee Jeffery is a recent graduate from Langara's Studio 58, and the co-founder (with producer Tish Heaven) of *Spectrum*, a new theatre company whose first production, Lorraine Hansberry's *A Raisin in the Sun*, opened a few weeks ago at the Firehall Theatre. True to its name, *Spectrum* has a mandate to inject a little colour into Vancouver's all too monochrome theatre community. In fact, a lot of different colours. Although Jeffery originally intended to create the *Vancouver Black Theatre Company*, he has since modified both the name, and the underlying philosophy of the organization.

"We want to do everything," he explains, "things that aren't being done in Vancouver right now." That means incorporating more minorities, who, like Jeffery and other local black actors, are faced daily with the lack of roles available to non-whites.

While Jeffery asserts that the company will be presenting shows which are not inherently ethnic in nature, (in order to allow Vancouver audiences to see visible minorities in non-stereotyped roles), he admits that *A Raisin in the Sun* is, in many ways, a black play. Set in a Chicago ghetto in the fifties, the play addresses the issues of assimilation, the segregation of neighbourhoods and the struggle for equal rights, which were only just rising to the surface of white American consciousness in 1959 when the play was written.

While a few of the issues may seem dated, the play loses none of its relevance in being produced today; it's a play, according to director Christine Menzies, "about the

perseverance of love in a family,...and also about human dignity." This production has been dedicated by Menzies to black South Africans, and to oppressed people the world over. For Jeffery, and for the rest of the cast, *A Raisin in the Sun* seemed a fitting way to launch *Spectrum*.

For the supporters of the company, the question is not only why more plays which feature black, Asian, or Native Indian characters are not being produced, but also why there seems to be such a reluctance locally to cross-cast (that is, cast a minority in a role that is traditionally played by a Caucasian). Other theatre centres in the country, according to actors who have worked there, show a far greater willingness to incorporate minorities into both film and stage productions. Mainstream theatre in Vancouver, however, remains principally white. Consequently, for black actors only two options have existed.

The first is the musical. Shows like *Ain't Misbehavin'* and the *Black and Gold Revue* feature all black casts, and seem to be consistent box office draws. If you're not, however, a singer or a dancer, there are very few roles available. Unless, of course, you're willing to pursue the second option: a stereotyped role. Black actor Charles Payne explains:

"I hope [*Spectrum*] is a successful thing. I hope they continue to do...a lot of serious drama, so black actors are not seen in the stereotype, playing a rapist, or all those other negative stereotypes...On film, I always end up playing a drug dealer, or a convict, or a hoodlum of some type."

Director Christine Menzies believes that the lack of positive ethnic representation extends far beyond the theatre community. The visible minority, she insists, is often turned down for work in commercials because a casting director will insist that Canadians are "not ready for that." For her, *Spectrum's* production of *A Raisin in the Sun* is "a protest against the kind of restriction that occurs in the theatre community in Vancouver."

Doubtless, *Spectrum's* first production has to be seen as a statement of sorts, but Lee Jeffery is anxious to add that the company shouldn't be seen as simply a vehicle for political or social criticism. "I don't ever want to knock the audience across the head with my point of view. I want good literature and good entertainment, and that's what will bring the audience in. It's not a matter of 'Are they ready for it?' Good entertainment will blossom in itself."

Spectrum will next present Studio 58's production of *Sganarelle* at the *Fringe Festival* later this month. Judging from *A Raisin in the Sun*, it will no doubt be good entertainment, and much, much more enjoyable than a lecture on fighter planes.

Andrea Lupini

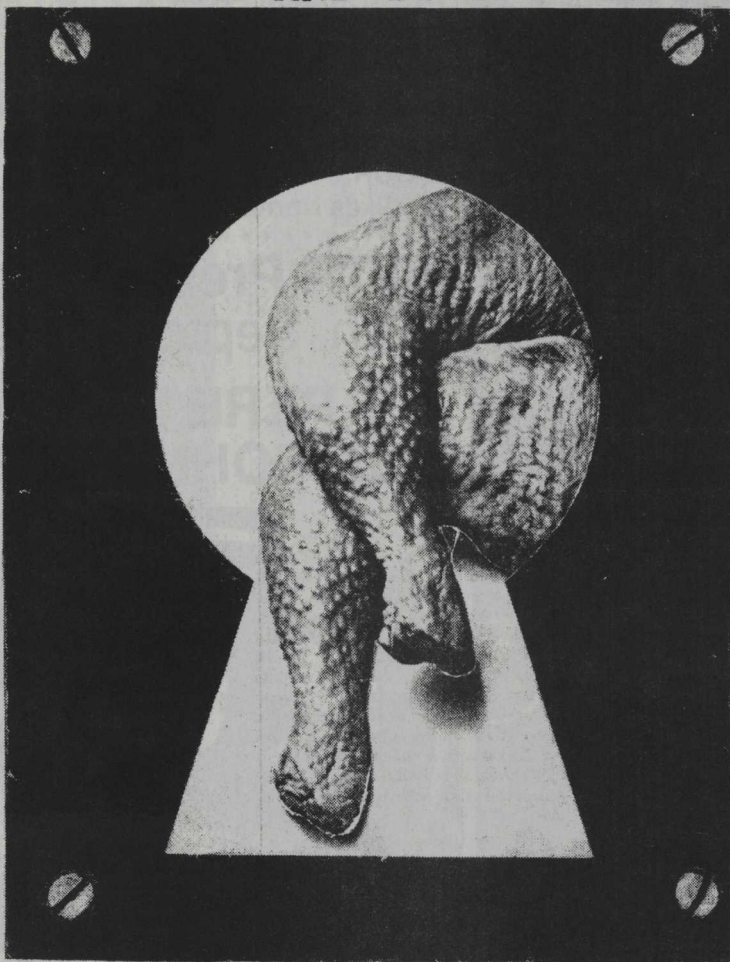
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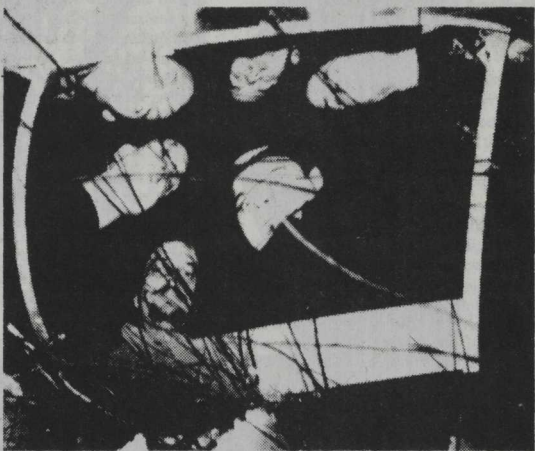
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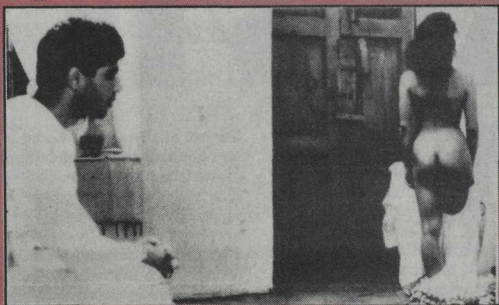
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Wedding IN GALILEE

The setting is a violence-prone village in a not-so-holy land; the director an expatriate Palestinian with a proscribed point of view. And yet, Michel Khleifi's remarkable *Wedding in Galilee* is neither a political tract nor an emotional polemic. Instead, it is a wonderfully resonant work of fiction, an insightful and multi-tiered account of a proud people suffering under the yoke of occupation. For, as an artist, Khleifi can do precisely what the statesmen cannot: free the Mid-East conflict from its provincial bindings, moving beyond the suffocating politics to the universal psychology. By: Rick Groen - *Globe and Mail*

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CHEAP MOVIES

Well, it's that time of year again. Not only are we confronted with post-registration bliss, pre-class anxiety, drunken oblivion, rekindling old and not so old acquaintances, but those monetary blues have dawned. No more free loving summer fun as we see those hard earned dollars soaked up by that unquenchable educational sponge. Where's the government when you need it? Whoa, those dollar blues. Symbolically, the ole buck itself has bit the dust, never to be printed again. The dollar has been reduced to mere coinage, the LOON. These are chaotic times indeed. Food costs are rising, rental payments are soaring, even the price of alcohol rose over the summer at the PIT PUB. It's even too expensive to drown one's sorrows these days! Are you feeling frenzied? And to think school hasn't even started yet. Well, there's always the Crisis Centre for cheap entertainment.

Hum, cheap entertainment, that's almost an oxymoron these days. The question that needs to be asked: "Is there a cheap escape from all this madness, something to do that won't cost an arm, a leg, and your sanity?" Well, this article is an (ever so feeble)

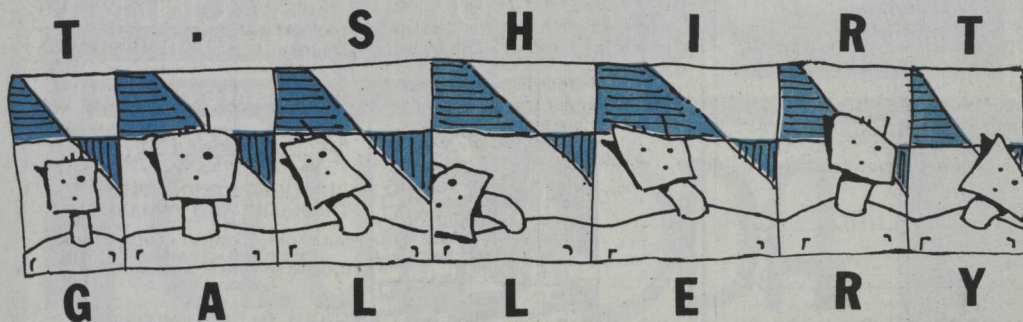
attempt at introducing to the uninformed how this author realizes good times cheaply. Times that can be enjoyed individually, romantically, or even in groups. It can have either a foreign or domestic flavour and it's not Haagan-Dazs ... (suspense) ... of course it's the movies, you know - cinematography. Movies are a fantastic way of discovering new insights through grand scheme audiovisual presentations and evaluations of our intricate and complex world. All that is required of you is to sit down, relax, watch and listen. Now you may be thinking I'm insane, imagine 6 1/2 loons to catch a flick...hold that thought! There are excellent alternatives to the Cineplex Odeon and Famous Players features whereby you can really scrape in the savings. Movie houses that come to mind in a flash are: the Hollywood, the Vancouver East, the Ridge, Pacific Cinematheque, the Studio Cinema. And of course, located in the depths of the Student Union Building at UBC are FilmSoc's Cinema 16, Classics Night and Popular Cinema all showing their films within that congenial yet tomblike structure known as the UBC Theatre.

These theatres are not media hyped so one is required to do some searching to reap the savings. It's all rather simple though - the Georgia Straight prints a comprehensive list



of the shows and times, and all these theatres do put out their own movie schedules which incidentally tend to be quite informative. Chances are that those places that carry Discorder Magazine will also have copies of the above theatres' schedules. Failing that, one can usually find some schedules lying around the FilmSoc Club's office located in room 247 of the SUB building.

The Hollywood Theatre is perhaps the cheapest and most fun. Located near UBC in the heart of Kitsilano (at the corner of W. Broadway and Balaclava, across from Orestes), new movies (often mainstream)



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circulate through the theatre each week. The only problem with the Hollywood is that unless you drop by the theatre you often can't find their movies listed anywhere. Your best bet is to give them a call every Monday (believe me, it's a religious experience) at 738-3211. Don't worry, the voice and quality of the answering machine is in no way indicative of the general state of the theatre (you'll know what I mean when you call). This place is by far the cheapest. For \$2 on Mondays one is admitted to both bills, \$2.50 for Tuesdays, and \$3.50 for the rest of the week. My only advice is, if it's a hot day be sure to arrive in your beach apparel since the lack of air conditioning means it can get quite stuffy in there - seriously.

If you are an ardent movie-goer you cannot pass up a Van East membership. Situated at Commercial Dr. and 7th Ave (right by the Broadway Skytrain Station), this is a modern theatre with fantastic movie selections. A \$5 yearly membership means you can catch two flicks in one night for only \$3 (\$5 for non members). They have a good sound system and great snack bar. Yes, popcorn with real butter, cheap drinks and homemade cookies and cakes. Not bad, if you don't mind the travel out there (unless you happen to live nearby). They circulate new movies every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, so their informative newspaper guide to their listings is essential in order to capture their fantastic selection. This theatre does attract a lot of premier foreign and alterna-

tive films, and the past has housed Russian, Chinese, Greek, etc. film festivals. Their past Russian festival was superb with films like Tarkovsky's *Nostalgia* and *The Sacrifice*, and Petrkov's *Come and See*.

The Ridge (found at the corner of 16th and Arbutus) is a classic grand scale theatre that attracts many excellent foreign and non-mainstream film for what are supposed to be week long viewing that sometimes, depending on a feature's success, extends a week or two. They are famous for their animation and advertising festivals which are a must see. Definitely try and pick up one of their movie program guides for their informative and detailed reviews of the films shown. This is a theatre you'll want to go to on Tuesdays when seats are \$3, otherwise regular box admission is \$5. In September Vincent will be showing, a definite film experience profoundly illuminating and capturing the essence and spirit of the intriguing life and accomplishments of the famous Dutch painter Vincent Van Gogh.

Just in passing, for those avid movie buffs, the Vancouver International Film Festival will again shine on Vancouver from Sept. 30th through Oct. 15th. The Hollywood, Ridge, and Van East will all be carrying films. With the return of the *Varsity* and the *Dunbar* this year's Film Festival may prove a little more accessible to the UBC crowd - hopefully. Look for upcoming information in the Straight, West Ender and the Sun about movies, prices and times. Don't

miss it, an awesome presentation of recent domestic and foreign films, many of them being seen in Canada for the first time.

Closer to home for those of us stuck on campus are the films (Cinema 16, Classics Night, and Popular Cinema) shown at the UBC Theatre. There's definitely something about the atmosphere in the UBC Theatre with the hissing speakers, occasional lapses in vertical and horizontal hold, smuggled in alcohol, machine bought popcorn and a lively crowd; with such a combination of elements you just cannot go wrong. And the price? A mere \$2.50.

Cinema 16 offers fantastic films presented in a theme format. For instance, last year one theme was a celebration of Bergman's films. Two great films I remember catching last year were Herzog's *Nosferatu* (a Dracula film vividly rendered) and an artistically moving documentary on Edvard Munch's life. Cinema 16 films show Wednesday nights and have an initial \$2.50 membership fee. Monday night's *Classics Night*. Expect films of Bogart, Monroe and, of course, classics by the master of suspense, Alfred Hitchcock. Thursday through Sunday has the theatre booked with recent mainstream releases. Be sure to check the UBYSSEY for listings or the posters outside the SUB theatre in the main concourse of the SUB building. Good luck.

This has been an unpaid nonpolitical announcement by:

Michael Grigg

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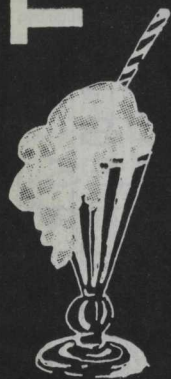
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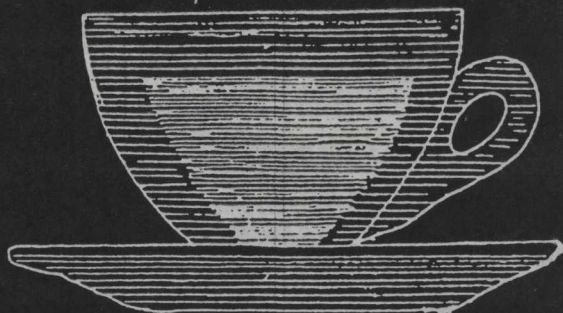
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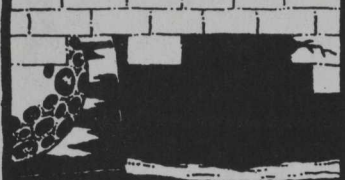
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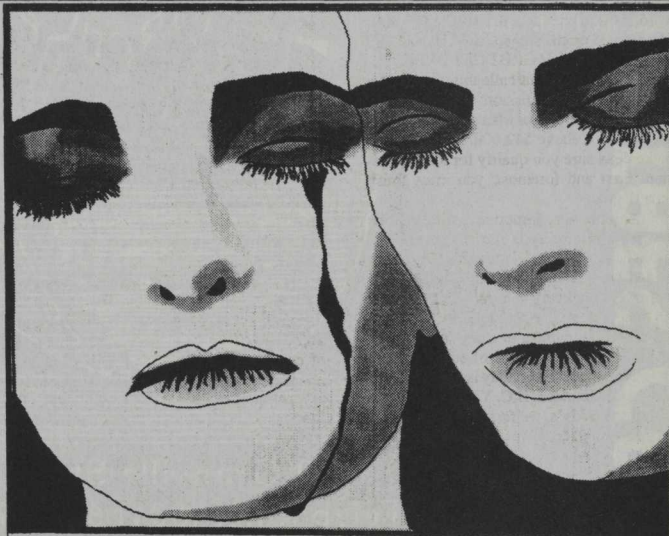
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LEGAL SCAM

It's been a year since the British Columbia government instituted its new Student Loans Policy, and it's amazing to see how many students are still unclear on the particulars. So I will try to explain the ins and the outs, what to know and how to get the most out of it.

Before going on, I'd like to stress that it's up to you, the student, to read all related government pamphlets and information kits pertaining to the loans program for the official rules on how to play the game. This is a definite must!

The main item of the new program is the limit to total student loan debt loads of \$12,000. This is very likely due to a large number of bankruptcies declared by students.

So, you're looking at four years in school for a diploma or degree and you can't make enough \$'s in the summer to pay your educational costs. But before you fill out a student loan form, just think about the entire project. If you borrow \$3,000 for a year for example (roughly half the maximum loan per year) and multiply that by the magic number of four years, you get \$12,000, which just happens to be the maximum debt load. So why borrow just \$3,000 when you can borrow the maximum of \$6,200 and your debt will still be \$12,000? My attitude on the subject is: **THE MORE I BORROW THE MORE I GET FREE.**

The government calls this "Loan Remission". Loan remission is basically the government paying for whatever debt you've accumulated above \$12,000. But you must make dead sure you qualify for loan remission. First and foremost, you must finish your degree.

Another very important aspect of loan remission eligibility is the "Personal Responsibility Requirement". Obviously coined by Vander Zalm himself, this basically says that every summer, including the summer preceding your first loan, you must either work, volunteer or study for three out of the usual four months of summer holidays. Not much of a holiday is it? Especially here in job-abundant B.C. You can have one month at Daddy's, welfare or whatever, but then you've got to get off your butt and work.

You can have a combination of the above so you can work part of it, volunteer (at CiTR?), and even take a summer course for the rest. You forfeit one year's loan remission if you don't fulfill your

personal responsibility the preceding summer. So if you blow one year and bum around for the summer your debt will be \$12,000 plus whatever you borrowed for the following year. Sure it's tricky. It's a legal scam and believe me it's a two-way street. They can stiff you if you're not careful. But there's always personal bankruptcy if you completely mess up.

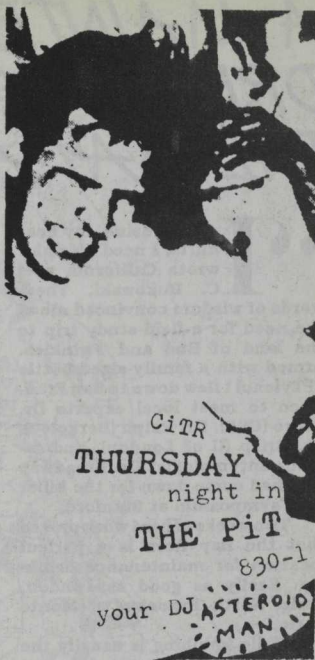
Now, about those big bucks you made in the summer, assuming you found a job, that is. It's a good thing you spent it all on high living because with so little savings you qualify for a large loan. Subtract whatever you have left from the maximum of \$6,200 and that's what you get. Unless (there's always an "unless") your budget requirements for the coming year are high enough to make your loan request at or above the maximum. It's a good thing you've acquired expensive tastes. It's always better to be above. Always.

The budget is where everything is decided. Do a rough one first, even two, and put in everything and anything you can think of. Save a copy for reference. Find out if you're eligible for special expenses. Music students, for example, can budget up to \$1,500 for an instrument. Just ask your friendly neighbourhood loans officer.

Also on the topic of the budget, this is where your "work-study" eligibility is determined. Work-study is a job of 5 to 10 hours per week at your place of education. It usually pays \$8 per hour and is almost always cushy. You can only work-study if you request more than the maximum loan available. Work-study will make up the difference between your request and the maximum, up to \$2,000, so make sure you request at least \$6,200 plus \$2,000 if you want the maximum of both.

I think that's about it. There's a lot to take into account, but remember, more is merrier. If you borrow for four years at \$6,200 you'll end up with \$12,800 free and of course, a \$12,000 debt. 'Sno problem. Because if you plan to make it to graduate school you only have to pay back \$2,000 per year, leaving you with \$4,200 smackeroonies per year FREE! This will also increase your total debt-load to \$16,000 but with your "higher degree" and the accompanying "higher income bracket" job you'll find you're set and your debt's 'sno problem.

John Frymire



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A MAINTENANCE DRINKER'S GUIDE TO THE BAY AREA

"I need a drink, my head hurts, I need a drink," wrote California poet C. Bukowski. These words of wisdom convinced me of the need for a field-study trip to the land of Bud and Twinkies. Armed with a family-sized bottle of Tylenol I flew down to San Francisco to meet local experts Dr. Pedro (USF), Dr. Ralph (Berkeley), Dr. Crisp (U of London), and famous entymologist Dr. Broadway who had come down for the killer bees symposium at Stanford.

Two weeks of hard work proved that the Bay Area is a perfect location for maintenance drinking. Easily as good as London, Paris, North Burnaby, or Monte Carlo.

While imbibing is usually the main reason for going to clubs and bars one must consider other factors such as ambience, price of beer, music, cover charges, danger to one's life, etc... They all affect successful maintenance drinking which is defined as the ability to drink for extended periods of time and still keep reasonable control over major motor-functions (walking a few blocks, standing, making witty remarks to complete strangers, counting change...)

San Francisco watering outlets have something to offer to all types of drinkers. Read on and see for yourself.

3300 Club - A corner bar on Mission St. which could have been a Barfly set. Great juke-box with a lot of moody 40s tunes. Best in the evening when the regulars are nodding out and the light is fading. Strictly domestic beers.

Tip Top Inn - Also on Mission, a few doors down from the 3300. Pool tables and the nice adrenaline rush you get from knowing that the wrong word or look will get you knifed. Mix of out-of-towners (lost) and down-and-outers. Good beer prices.

El Farolito - Stumbling distance from previous. Best enjoyed near closing time when you're likely to be the only patron. No English spoken so brush up on your Spanish.

Skyline - Mission Street in the heart of the Hispanic neighbourhood has as many bars as muggers plus a lot of burrito joints for munchies between pints. Here we find the Skyline. Unhospitable barmaids refuse to let winos pass out on floor!

Berkeley Square - A top live venue in Berkeley. Saw *Thin White Rope* do their brand of sci-fi, horror rock. Lead singer *Guy Kyser* finally shaved his silly beard, and the band played all cuts on the "In the Spanish Cave" lp. Admission is to 18 and over and technically only those over 21 can order drinks, but what are friends for? *The Pixies*, *Untouchables*, *Jonathan Richman*, and *Soul Asylum* all played there recently.

Triple Rock Brewery - Also in Berkeley. Wood-planked floors and good home-brewed beers. Red Rock Ale is worth the trip but the place is overrun by well-behaved, well-dressed responsible types.

The Twin Peaks - Castro and Market near the infamous Castro Theatre. More mous-taches than you have seen in years. Jolly atmosphere and the happy hour lasts all day.

Firehouse 7 - The building really is an old firehouse built in 1908. Small and high ceilinged with one small door guarded by a Mr.T. look-alike. Music 7 nights a week with DJ playing mostly hip-hop, rap, reggae and modern cutting-edge music (whatever that is). The pumping bass and the loitering gang-members are almost guaranteed to keep you awake even after a dozen Anchor Streams. Good selection of British imports on tap.

Ireland 32 - Pictures of Bobby Sands, Sinn Fein posters IRA flags, and thick brogues (and fake brogues), but the Guinness is excellent making it a must for the Guinness. Next door to Pat O'Shea's where a sign above the door reads: We cheat drunks and tourists.

Cork n' Bottle - Noe St. and 24th. Features drunks singing old Irish songs off-key while trying not to fall off their stools. Pool table with the odd hustler. Good mix of serious and maintenance drinkers.

I-Beam - On Haight Street in Hippiland. The club has been there forever and is known world-wide. Do your drinking somewhere else and then go see some of the best bands around on Monday nights. Saw the *Sugarcubes*, who have finally been allowed into the States (and maybe Canada if we're lucky). Bjork the female vocalist has a wonderful Manson groupie presence and a voice that drills into your spine. Fellow band member *Einar Orn* proved to be much less annoying live than on vinyl. He controlled the band on stage and bantered with the crowd. Watch for the upcoming releases of *Sugarcubes* with JMC and *Sugarcubes* with S.O'Connor recordings.

Nightbreak - A block away from the I-Beam. Nairobi lounge night on Tuesdays with DJ Ras-I-Zulu. Live acts on weekends. Good during the afternoon happy hour. Bonus: a tiny record store called *Speedway* is tucked away in a corner of the dance floor.

Rockin Robin's - No ice cream. Everybody's favorite tunes from the 50s and 60s. Didn't bother going in (probably wouldn't have passed the dress code anyway).

El Cumbre - It really is a cafeteria but has a great selection of Mexican Beers (\$1.50) and superb food. They even sell T-shirts.

Rockin' Patrick

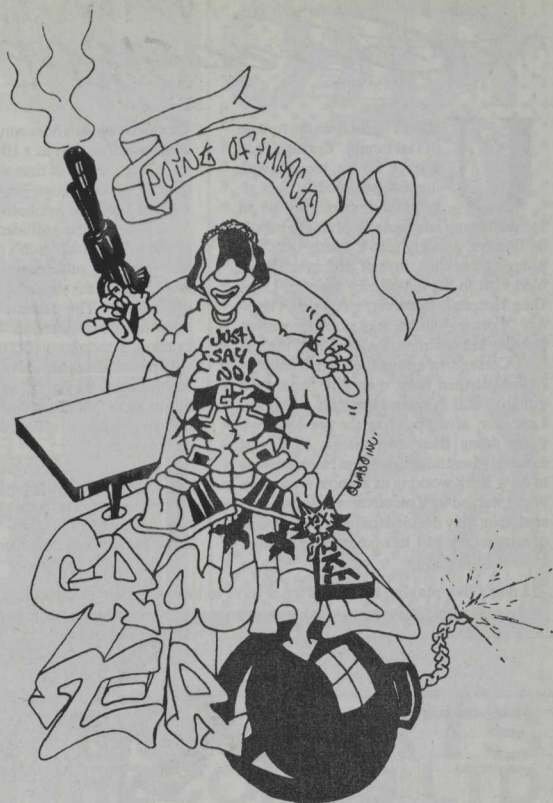


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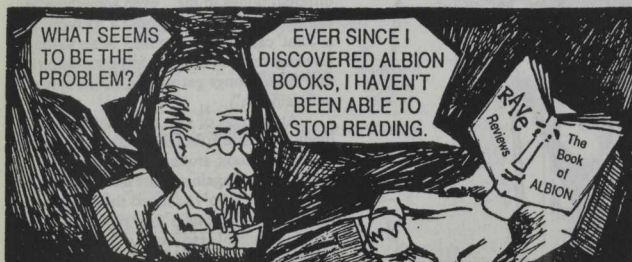
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Profile

Until a Thursday in the middle of last month "Corsage" had always, for me, brought with it sweaty-palmed anxiety attacks and memories of an incident in my late teens involving a bundle of flowers, a safety pin, a young lady, her plunging neckline, myself and an unscheduled visit to the emergency room at Lions Gate Hospital. However, since that Thursday "Corsage" still brings anxieties with it, but they are not mine, they're Phil Smith's.

Corsage, an on again/off again collaboration between front man Phil Smith and guitarist Bill Napier-Hemy, is on again. Last year, after spending the previous two years doing their own things, (Smith in London where he married, and Napier-Hemy in New York working as a studio engineer), both returned to Vancouver. Once here and settled in, they decided to finish a collection of songs they had left incomplete before

their departures. Those songs, now finished, have been released as a 10-track cassette.

"I spent a lot of time working on the sequence of the songs," recalled Smith. "I wanted it to have a cohesiveness to it."

This process included dumping some of the songs which didn't fit into his theme and remixing other songs so they would work better in the sequence he had chosen for the cassette. The cassette's theme, developed upon his return to Vancouver from London, is one of superficial success coupled with personal anxiety and a certain nostalgia for the past. However, after all this work Smith jokes that it amounted to "putting the fast songs on the first side, and the slow ones on the second."

It was these songs which formed the core of the performance on Thursday August 11. The show was rounded out by numbers from Corsage's previous

incarnation and a new song, chosen from a group of them, co-written by Smith and Napier-Hemy while they were away. "I would get these cassettes in the mail, with all this incredible music on them." Eventually Smith got access to a "toll free trans-Atlantic phone line" and he and Napier-Hemy would work on the songs during "these two hour phone calls from London to New York."

The most recent version of Corsage had Ron Allen, from the Scramblers, on bass, John Cody drumming, Steve Quinn, from the Toronto-bound Go Four 3 on guitar and, of course, Smith and Napier-Hemy. The show was a fairly straight-forward affair with the well-rehearsed band backing Smith as he yelled himself hoarse while lurching around the stage in his best impassioned singer manner. It was also a marked difference from earlier versions of the band where upwards of 10 musicians plus dancers, actors, and whomever else Smith felt necessary, were packed on stage.

"I felt the gigs at the SUB Ballroom were our best shows. They walked the line between chaos and control. However, by the time that version of Corsage finished everything had fallen into chaos. We were doing new songs, old songs, songs from other bands I'd been in, folk songs I'd written...people in the band weren't speaking to each other!" Little wonder the two principals in the project felt compelled to flee town afterwards.

It shouldn't surprise anyone, then, to learn that the band which just played, won't play again. "I don't like playing live too often," explained Smith. "I have to be excited about it for anyone else to be." As well he worries that if he was singing old songs he'd have trouble writing new ones. Thus the next step for Smith and Napier-Hemy is a return to the studio to record the songs written while they were in New York and London.

It's a process which Smith approaches in a surprisingly off-hand manner, "I hate demo tapes." So when he records his vocals Smith arrives at the session with a song title and perhaps a chorus and some ideas for the verses. "The sound of a song can change between rehearsal and recording, and then the music would suggest different things to me... even something as simple as Bill switching from a 'Gibson' to a 'Strat' can change it for me." After writing his songs this way Smith's only conclusion is that "faster songs get written faster, slower ones, slower."

At the end of this recording process, likely sometime in the fall, Smith and Napier-Hemy will look around, pull together another band and again venture into public. For those of you who've missed their previous incarnations don't miss their next one. Like your high school grad dance, it's only going to happen once, and everything that follows will be different.

Pat Carroll

"I don't like playing live too often. I have to be excited about it for anyone else to be."



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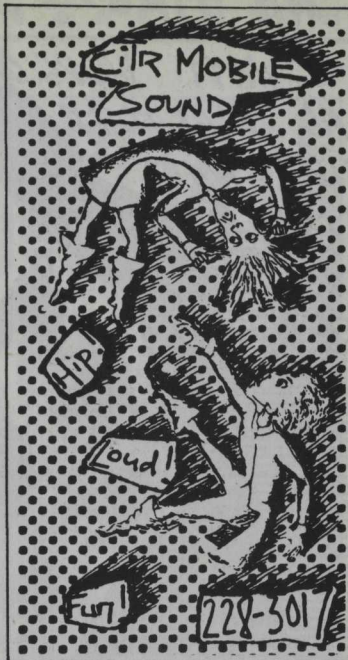
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SPECIAL GUESTS

FROM BOSTON

THE LYRES

THURSDAY

15
SEPTEMBER

TOWN PUMP



66 WATER STREET

TICKETS AT DOOR

WHAT WOULD

Interviews

by Esther Hadley

World fame.

Money, money, money.

A list of available men.

Drugs.

A nice woman.

I have no idea...a million bucks...land.

Love, just love...and peace.

Vanilla...sound. Lots of sound. Butterscotch.

A French dildo, a couple of rubbers, scented oil...some movies that the federal government wants to ban... something to get you in the mood if you're not in the mood already...a couple of bottles of champagne, black satin sheets...am I answering right, eh?

ESTHER: You're answering completely correctly. You're not going to do this alone?

Oh no!

My girlfriend back in my arms!

ESTHER: Doing what?

Hey! This is for radio. I can't say it!

A blonde chick with big tits...2 or 3.

ESTHER: 2 or 3 tits?

Yeahh...lots of tits, big tits, just tits.

A pool table.

Like I was telling Nancy yesterday - more James Brown.

A lot of money and happiness.

Nothin'.

A pleasure package to me is serving God, okay? Pleasure...the Bible says, delight thyself in the Lord and in His law and ye shall find light. The Bible says - I throw life and death before you - you choose life or death; Jesus or hell; Jesus or the Devil.

My mum's not going to hear this is she?

ESTHER: She might but she won't know it's you.

I can't think - there's too many. Ask him...



YOU EXPECT IN

5

A

OTTAWA 1986

LAURIER

ESTHER: What would you expect?

Purity.

No comment.

A fuck.

Meow.



Head.

Some physical activity, some visual stimulation.

More rock and roll bars, fer sure.

What are you selling?

I would like to have more French music.

Fun.

Money.

ESTHER: And?

Money.

ESTHER: And?.

Money.

A pound of marijuana.

I want a big guy with a big cock, a really nice-looking tall dark and handsome guy who would sweep me off my feet...show his box to me.. that's the main thing...and if he's bigger than eight inches he has me - he has to bend though. He has to have long hair, really hairy. He has to have every toy in the world and he has to be into S&M too. When he's screwing me he has to pull my hair and call me a sweet nasty bitch.

I hope my spirit will always be a beautiful one and I'll always have the ability and be enough of a little boy to be scared enough to enjoy pleasure.

PLEASURE

The world.

Sex toys, bubble gum...umm...paperclips

Uhh...this guy dead, with his entrails dripping..and ahh...a girl.

No hassles, no hangups.

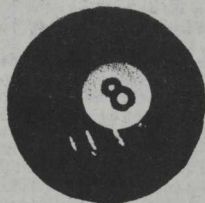
A walk in the park.

Good friends and beer.

A complete set of Tintins.

Chewing gum.

649.



PACKAGE?

WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT
GUM • GOMME
Keep foil wrapper to put gum in the car.

UNDER

REVIEW

DISCORDER asked the DJs and other important CITR types for two reviews of recent (preferably) material (lp, cassette or other) related to the kind of stuff that would be played on their show. We requested one positive and one negative review in order to give an impression of where the reviewer stands. Some responded just as requested; others refused to be critical; others did just whatever they felt like.

Gavin Walker
THE JAZZ SHOW
 MONDAYS 9:00pm-12:30am

What am I doing writing this?...I do a jazz show on CITR that emphasises hard-core acoustic jazz (from all eras)...I play very little fusion (jazz-rock) or "pop jazz" (Sanborn, Kenny G. etc.)...why? First of all, who wants to hear ersatz when the real thing is available in abundance, and so seldom gets aired on the radio? So why in hell am I going to take a quick, critical peek at two albums that are closer to fusion than the jazz I choose to play on my show? One record that I have no hesitation in playing on the show is by **Oregon** (the album on ECM called *Ectopia*). The other album, which you'll never hear on The Jazz Show is by the **Zawinul Syndicate**.

ZAWINUL SYNDICATE
The Immigrants
 (CBS)

Zawinul's album *The Immigrants* is, by contrast, a bad melange of boring drum machine thumps and very very few musical moments. The record attempts some different approaches (trendy West African chants, some slick solos that are fine from a technical stand-point, and the odd nice texture) but no jazz feel at all. Herr Zawinul (who still can play great jazz) has purposefully moved away so far from his jazz roots that there is no swing or real groove to these pieces. It's not anything I would ever want to hear on a jazz program and if I did I'd get really angry. Zawinul can come up with something better than this. I hope he does.

OREGON
Ectopia
 (ECM 1354)

The album by Oregon is a wonderful example of sheer musicality and the intelligent use of electronics (synthesiser, wind-driven synth, drum machine etc.). Paul McCandless (reeds etc.), Ralph Towner (guitars, piano, synth etc.), Glen Moore (acoustic bass), and the late Collin Walcott (died in an auto crash in 1984) began Oregon in the early seventies with the intent of mixing elements of different music into basic jazz, but they did it in such a way as to preserve their musicality and their jazz basis. They continued successfully with this formula until the untimely death of Walcott. After a recuperative break they re-emerged (with Indian percussionist Trilok Gurtu) to do *Ectopia* in March 1987. They added electronics to their sound and it works (even for these old ears, which do not respond too well to electricity in music). They also have some great

catchy melodies (Towner's *Twice Around the Sun* and *Ectopia*, and Moore's *Leather Cats*). Even though Oregon's approach is still an olio of styles—folk, baroque counterpoint, rock rhythms, contemporary classicism—their sound is created the way a jazz musician would tackle these styles. That is what makes this album special. They remind me of *Weather Report* when it first began...remember the early albums...fresh, artistic and musical and jazz-based. As soon as *Weather Report* began adding too many pop elements their credibility as an advanced jazz group went down the tube (but their popularity rose...imagine that!). Oregon's got it with this one and the record will be played a lot on The Jazz Show.

□ □ □ □ □

Matt Richards
BATTERSEA PARK GARDENS
 WEDNESDAYS 10:00am-1:00pm

STEVE ROACH, KEVIN BRAHENY, RICHARD BURMER
Western Spaces
 (Chameleon)

This album is more than I expected. Not just your average "new age" pap. These guys know how to relax. I mean really relax. This is audio heroin. And no catchy melodies or attempts at hypnotic rhythms to get in the way of your personal dream time. And no contrived image to cloud your mind. All you can do is listen.

Forget the rest of the shlock in the "new age" bin. **BUY THIS ALBUM.** Who cares what it costs—sell your car, mortgage your home. You don't need any other record, you can just toss every record you ever bought. Flush 'em down the toilet, in the dumper with 'em. This is it, the best album of the millennium bar none. Except for a couple of tracks that make me wanna puke.

RUBAJA AND HERNANDEZ
High Plateaux
 (Windham Hill)

I've heard some really dull releases from Windham Hill but this takes the cake. Totally contrived ripoffs of South American music which is wrapped in even more contrived packaging. Every note pops out of the speaker with a little happy face on it.

If you see this record in a store, leave immediately. Everything that is wrong with western society is condensed into this album. I'm serious. This is the worst record in the history of the record industry. Except for a couple of tracks that might be good as soundtrack music for a Fellini movie.

□ □ □ □ □

Chris Buchanan
CITR MUSIC DIRECTOR

KILLING JOKE
Outside the Gate
 (EG Records)

A wise man once compared good music to good wine. Both are vibrant, smooth and make one want to taste the sweet nectar over and over. Unfortunately, *Killing Joke's* new album has more in common with a bottle of anti-freeze than a bottle of chablis; not only does *Outside the Gate* leave a bitter taste in the mouth, but partaking of a quantity greater than a mouthful makes you want to throw up. Since *Killing Joke* uncorked their self-titled album in 1980 their vinyl has continued to sour in quality due to an ever downward spinning cycle of creativity and inventiveness. *America*, already released as a 12" single, is the only half-decent produce amongst this collection of unripe and rotting grapes. My advice is to let this album ferment in the record stores.

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Pete Lutwyche
NEON MEATE DREAM
 TUESDAYS 6:30-9:00pm

STUMP
A Fierce Pancake
 (Ensign-MCA)

Stump are a paradox. They are excellent technical players who are willing to play aggressively innovative fractured rhythms and lyrics that range from complex explorations of the human condition to schoolboy rhyming jokes like "Charlton Heston put his vest on". Sometimes *Mick Lynch's* lyrics are brilliant insights, and at other times he shows an inability to relate to even the most simple trials of daily life. "How do I get off the bus?" he screams. State of the art digital sampling technology is placed side by side with traditional Irish instruments such as pipes and bodhran. The result, *A Fierce Pancake*, is a sprawling, busy, rich and diverse giant of an album that proves Stump are not a one-off novelty act as many thought when the tune *Buffalo* appeared on NME's C-86 cassette. The musicians are incredible—witness *Chris Salmon's* trebly twang-bar guitar suddenly twisting into wrenching rhythms then shifting smoothly into distant resonant harmonics. *Kev Hopper* plays an athletic fretless bass that pumps, slides and wraps itself around drummer *Robert McKahey's* crisp cross rhythms thereby dragging you into a bewildering mix of sound that you can dance to. *Mick Lynch* is one of the few vocalists, along with *John Lydon* and *Morrissey*, who have created a truly unique way of singing. This is a real landmark album of the calibre of *Trout Mask Replica* by *Captain Beefheart* (though I wouldn't carry the *Beefheart* comparison to the music) and, in the words of *Mick Lynch*, "Nothing personal is meant, if I think you're fuckin' clever".

PATTI SMITH
Dream of Life
 (Arista)

Just what we need. Already we've had *The Grateful Dead*, *George Harrison*, *Pink Floyd* and a seemingly inexhaustible supply of fat old seventies superstars realising that they need some extra cash for plastic surgery or cocaine so they crank out some "brilliant", "triumphant" comeback album. This album is then hyped to the teeth by record companies unwilling to gamble on new bands, and is seized by radio stations that cater to that generation who can sit back in their condos,

listen, and remember those radical days before the kids and the mortgage. Now Patti Smith makes a "triumphant" comeback, accompanied by all the marketing hype. Sure, Patti Smith has put out some great songs, but this is just weak M.O.R. ear-valuation that should ensure at least a million sales south of the border. Gone is any trace of the originality that was present on *Horses* and *Easter*, and replacing it is the bland waffle of FM airplay. Personally, I always thought that she got a pretty good ride on the back of the punk wave in '77 considering she was basically just another American singer-songwriter, albeit with more acidity than others of her ilk. This record isn't good and it isn't bad. It's superfluous, irrelevant, and quite simply, boring.

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Bill Mullin VOLUNTARY CONUSION

I've been involved in a number of different shows in my five years here at CTR: *Random Insomnia*, *The Sunday Afternoon Show*, *Random Cacophony*, *Eating Yomit*, *Unquiet Slumbers*, *Love Peace & Violence*, *Tuesday Weld*, *Involuntary Cannibalism*, *The Beautiful Music Show* and most recently *The I Don't Know Show*. As I write this (mid-August) I'm doing a show without a name Tuesdays 10am till 1pm, though by the time you read this (September sometime), I probably won't be anymore. Oh well. You've probably gathered that when it comes to CTR, I have a tough time being consistent. Blame it on music (ie: organized sound), and my overwhelming fascination for its many genres and forms. Blame it on the infinite variety of music (new and old) available to me i) through the station, ii) through my various friends' and relations' record and tape collections, iii) through my own collection, iv) through the vast collections new and used in this fine town's numerous record and tape stores.

There is no single song or record (good or bad) which epitomizes what I play or don't play on my show (have or haven't played on past shows). I have no current favorite (or least favorite) song, record, album, artist. Blame it on that quantity of available (and intriguing) music again. In any given week, I might find time to listen to part of a good two dozen new records, yet I might not listen to even one of them in its entirety. There just isn't the time. How can I spend forty minutes with *The Semantics* when *James Brown*, *The JAMMS*, *Mark Isham* and *Naked Raygun* are waiting, fueling my curiosity?

As a DJ, I'm interested in how different songs and sounds can work together in the context of a radio show (what kind of flow can I sustain or, if I'm feeling agitated, how discordant can I get?). How does Bob Dylan in his religious period bump up against folk-sinister *Current 93*? How do *Van Morrison* and *The Chieftains* mix out of that? How does the Canadian Electronic Ensemble mix on top of Brian Eno ambience and *Red shortwave* radio; and how will acoustic *Led Zeppelin* segue up out of this soup? And how can I find room for twelve minutes of *Kristof Pendereck*? Goo... radio is more than just playing one song after another and then talking about them.

So what do I like? Simply put, I like music that would exist even if there wasn't a music industry, music that comes from the soul or the brain or the foot, or wherever it is that real live honest to god aural magic comes from. I don't care if it's Beethoven, The Beatnigs or Neil Diamond.

What do I not like? Most so-called New Age ambience leaves me feeling polluted. There's an awful lot of extremely stupid and unnecessary hardcore and heavy metal. Too much modern reggae is vapid pop bleccch. Too many 'hot new' hard rock bands aren't adding anything to the so-called '70s dinosaurs from whom they're stealing all their riffs. This list goes on. Who would I single out? Sorry, I won't step in that trap. I seem to recall not liking *Prince* at first, or *Run-DMC*, or *AC/DC*, or all disco, or all country & western, or... this list goes on, too.

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Paul Steenhulsen and Ian Crutchley ARE YOU SERIOUS MUSIC? SUNDAYS 8:00am-noon

Paul: First of all, I had better clear up what our show is all about. The idea is to play Twentieth Century avant-garde concert music. We invite anyone to send us a tape of their music, whatever it is, and we'll play it and talk about it. We look forward to receiving some tapes so we can do some reviews of the music of some local composers.

There have been some really good releases lately of older material on CD. I really like the Messiaen/Lutoslawski double set of discs, as well as Jan DeGaetan's performance of Pierrot Lunaire. The vocalising here is very beautiful. I am also fond of some cassettes sent to us by the Kuntree Bogeys (avant-garde country humour). Thrashing violins, as found on Elliot Sharp's *Tessalation Row*, also score high on my list. Phillip Glass, however, is really starting to get on my nerves. His music, nursery rhymes extended ad nauseum, is a prime example of the Windham Hill/middle-winks kind of New Age nonsense which is such a bastardisation of my idea of "serious" avant-garde music. Pity poor Phil.

Ian: New digital recordings have lately (since I got a CD player) impressed me a great deal. Of particular interest is Jose Serebrier's reading of *Charles Ives' Fourth Symphony*. The conductor manages to reveal to us many details of this complex score which have been missing from most other recordings. A more recent recording that has impressed has been that of *Harmonium* by John Adams. This man has tragically been grouped in with those other two guys as a member of the so-called minimalist school. Adams manages, however, on this and other recordings to rise above that label. He displays a depth of feeling and musicality that is prominently absent from the robot music of Messrs. Reich and Glass.

One fairly recent recording has managed to induce nausea in me. It is *Branford Marsalis' Romances For Saxophone*. As a jazz and pop saxophonist Branford has time and again shown what a great musician he can be. The question is, why did he opt for shlock over quality? It's very sad to see him this way.

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Norm Van Rasel SWIRLING LIFELIKE COLOURS OF VINYL SPIN TUESDAYS 9pm-midnight

RAY CONDO AND HIS HARDBLOCK GONERS Mondo Condo (cassette) Independent

If you're into music made by machines or posers with big hair, you probably won't like this record. If the authenticity of a slap bass, simple backbeat, fiddle, occasional accordion, and maybe a little grease in your hair is your thing, then read on.

This latest release by Condo and his Goners is good time, let's party, hit the highway (or backroads), and cruise music. Wedged loosely between the sludge-and-rock-a-billy groove, you'd almost think this set was recorded 30 years ago. But make no mistake, they aren't imitators, these cats call it like it is.

As the name implies, the first cut *Blast Off*, sets the mood to a fast-paced yet loose collection of tunes (check out *Crazy Mixed-Up World*, *This Is The Night*, *Wild Guitar* and *You Shake Me Up*) that showcases a band that gives this record an edge it can call its own.

Condo is no Pavoratti, but when the mood strikes he belts it out with the energy and uniqueness akin to the best of the rock-a-billy genre. Listen to *Lonely Wolf*, *Hot & Cold*, and *Could She Kiss* and you'll know what I mean. To satisfy those of us who need at least one good tearjerker, *Mondo Condo* ends with an admirable version of the Elvis classic *Don't*, to cry into your beer with. While not totally original (who is?) *Mondo Condo* proves that Ray Condo and His Hardrock Goners are an entity unto themselves. Available at select outlets, this is a must for anyone with a big car and rubber to burn.

GONDWANALAND Gondwanaland (WEA Aust.)

Gondwanaland's first LP, *Terra Incognita* on Hot Records (1984), and 1985 second release, *Let The Dog Out on Powderworks* (1985), were original, almost ethnic recordings highlighting the guttural rumblings of Charlie McMahon's didgeridu, and to a slightly lesser degree, the keyboard talents of Peter Carolan. Together they created a mood that exemplified various soundscapes pertaining to the Australian outback, its people, animals, and climate.

On this, Gondwanaland's third outing, we are confronted by a crossover band hoping to attract the hard-earned dollars of the techno-pop crowd. Okay, I'll admit the production is marginally upgraded. McMahon, Carolan, and new member, percussionist Eddy Duquemin, can sound like studio musicians too. Big deal!

Maybe it's the new label (WEA). It's been known to happen. Pressure from above. But where's the substance? Where's the atmosphere? Where's the creativity? Where's the...forget it.

If this had been Gondwanaland's first there probably wouldn't have been a second, let alone third.

□ □ □ □ □

Jess NEOPHYTE DISORDER WRITER

DEATH SENTENCE Stop Killing Me (Fringe)

"This is the new way
The new way is
Bad news."

Bad News describes everything on this album. *Death Sentence* have indeed gone a new, twisted way.

The raucous vocals and guitar licks are monotonous and ho-hum, making this record one looonnnnggg listen. *Motley Crue* marries *Bruce Hornsby*.

Even the lyrics, written in the Sentence's pessimistic-but-provoking style, seem to have had little effort put into them. Or maybe it's just the messy arrangement.

See *Death Sentence* live. They're wild and memorable. This album is not.

TRACY CHAPMAN

Tracy Chapman
(WEA)

Freedomfest. Jessye Norman's riveting version of *Amazing Grace* was one of two highlights. The other was Tracy Chapman. Her debut album is an understated work of art. *Fast Car* and *Talkin' 'Bout a Revolution*, the songs currently being aired to death on commercial radio, are just two of eleven lyrical and musical masterpieces.

Chapman's vocal range is limited, and the lyrics are heavy. But it's enough to just lean back and let the guitar and the voice work their simple charm. That kind of music just soothes the soul.

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Paula Rempel

THE PTL SHOW

WEDNESDAYS 1:00-5:00pm

PAULA'S GUIDE TO MUSIC CRITICISM

A SIMPLE GUIDELINE TO CHOOSING GOOD MUSIC: If you like it, it is good music, and screw anyone else's opinion.

A SIMPLE GUIDELINE IN RECOGNISING BAD MUSIC: If it makes you want to puke, it is bad music, and screw anyone else's opinion.

See how easy it is? You too can choose what music you would like to listen to. There is no longer any need to listen to programmed Top 40 radio shows to find out what you should enjoy. You have the power!!!

SOME MUSIC I THINK IS GOOD: Nick Cave, *Einstürzende Neubauten*, The Gruesomes, Hasil Adkins, *Bad Brains*, Nat King Cole, and last but not least, Jimi Hendrix.

SOME MUSIC THAT MAKES ME PUKE: Michael Jackson, any form of muzak in a restaurant or shopping mall, Tiffany, Emerson, Lake & Palmer, and Bon Jovi, to name a few.

(And if you don't like my choice in music, Screw You!)

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Peter Courtemanche

ABSOLUTE VALUE OF NOISE

FRIDAYS 3:00-5:00pm

What is Noise?

The best way to define Noise is to listen to it, or watch it, or read it?

The Noise music that I've produced involves sound and/or video, but it's possible for text to be Noise.

Techniques employed in the production of Noise include edits, overlays, and repetition. Sources of material include static, machinery, conversations: "Hello. Hello, can I help you? Can you help me." Some of the concepts involved in Noise include destruction, disinformation: "He spoke from. His piece of stage until the band tore it up."

Noise can also abandon syntactical structures like sentences, musical notes, beats, dynamics, consistency.

Some of Merzbow, the Haters, *Black Humour*—the groups or people that produce Noise.

Noise tends to annoy most people, leave others unfazed, and make some listeners question the point of the whole thing. As if "things" need points...

"But it's so mixed up and hard to understand," she says. "It's stupid."

In the words of Charles Bukowski—

The truth at last.

Keith Parry/Sandy Kilby
ENVIRONMENTAL SCATOLOGY
MONDAYS 12:30-4:00am

THE RESIDENTS

God In Three Persons

(Ralph)

God In Three Persons is easily the Residents' most ambitious project to date. An hour long narrative, with accompanying follow-along booklet, *God* feels more like reading a book than listening to music. Over an almost industrial/classical background, Mr X in his inimitable Louisiana drawl takes us on a journey that shows the Residents as very literary and somewhat brilliant composers, as well as being just a little twisted (which we've known for years). Posing heavy philosophical questions, and answering them, the Residents have made a rare thing...a great concept album.

THE BUTTHOLE SURFERS

Halway to Steven

(Fringe)

Once upon a time, the *Butthole Surfers* were one great psychotic band. These Austin people seemed truly fucked up in a brilliant way. Sadly, however, each succeeding *Buttholes* album seems more devoid of anything vaguely creative. Let's turn it up, twiddle some digital delay knobs, and call it *Godlike*. *Halway to Steven* is the worst yet, featuring the dumb gimmicks and rock star antics. Gotta turn your minds off for this one folks. Real lame. Check out *Killdozer's Little Baby Buntin'* instead.

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Steve Edge

THE EDGE ON FOLK

SATURDAYS 8:00am-noon

With such a long show, and such a broad spectrum to choose from, the selection of a typical LP is tricky. I think I'll stick with the local boys *Spirit of the West* (even if they did leave me off the credits this time). Their third LP, *Labour Day*, contains most of the trademarks of their sound, and is indicative of the regular content of this radio show: powerful songs, excellent musicianship, lots of Celtic tunes, and plenty of Canadian content. They are an exhilarating band who can often be heard on other CTR shows.

The choice of a bad LP is even trickier. If I like it I'll play it, regardless of the musical style. However, don't expect any seventies singer/songwriters, synthetic pop music, or navel-gazing hippie stuff. There's enough of that sort of dress on the airwaves already.

Having said that about singer/songwriters, I must point out that I believe that we are experiencing a resurgence in this phenomenon. There are two main types: those who play the guitar to fill out the sound, and those who fall into the dreaded category of "guitar heroes". In the former category we find the latest "big thing", Tracy Chapman, who has shot to stardom, but is nevertheless a fine writer. Closer to home are Calgary's Jim Keelaghan, and Ontario's Eileen McGann, both powerful writers with fine voices. Judy Small, from Australia, and England's Rory McLeod are two of the most imaginative lyricists around, and Michelle Shocked is a real gem. Along with Billy Bragg, she represents the real essence of the eighties folkie; great songs, a punk hangover, and no frills.

The acoustic axe-persons include Vancouver's Stephen Fearing, an amazing guitar player with a soulful voice and a fine debut LP. Catch him live at the Van East Cutch on September 25th. The previous evening, Seattle's Sam Wells makes her Vancouver debut. She plays

twelve-string guitar with tremendous power, and is also a fine singer. Clive Gregson is an underrated player who writes some great stuff which is usually sung by his partner Christine Collister. The "boss man" in both categories is undoubtedly Richard Thompson. His songs may make Leonard Cohen sound cheerful, but he's written more classics than anyone since Lennon/McCartney, and I have never heard a guitarist with so many tricks. Check him out, with Clive and Chris, at the *Town Pump* in October.

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Greg Garlick

BETTER HOHMS AND GARLICKS

THURSDAYS 10:00am-1:00pm

THE BARRACUDAS

The Big Gap

(Coyote Records)

Yes, I admit I like the trashy and grungy sounds of sixties revivalists, and those of the *Barracudas* are no exception. Except this time. It seems the folks at Coyote Records decided to release this hodgepodge of tracks recorded between '79 and '81.

The liner notes are confusing to say the least, with no specifics regarding the origin of the cuts on the LP. Written by Sam Goldberg, notes are an enthusiastic rambling of what to expect on the vinyl yet somehow I doubt he listened to this compilation.

The album in all truth is an exhumation of old out-takes and dodgy demos. Although there are a few brief glimpses to suggest the excellence the band achieved with their 1981 *Drop Out With the Barracudas*, most of this stuff is pretty dire. Don't get me wrong, I like the *Barracudas*, but they should've kept this one buried.

THE STEMS

The Great Rosebud Hoax

(Citadel Records)

Now here's a record where the sound of sixties garage comes through. The Stems hail from the West Coast of Australia, Perth to be exact, and they recorded a couple of singles and an EP for Citadel Records a few years back. Thankfully Citadel compiled these tracks on an eight-song compilation LP. This band sends out some real stinging hooks and riffs. I mean, I'm talking twangy Rickenbacker guitars and Hammond organs; just check *Love Will Grow* and *She's a Monster*. If you like the murky snakelike coils of sound that emanate from records like these this is the LP for you. Unfortunately this record is kind of hard to find, but believe me it's worth the search.

□ □ □ □ □

Kunio

GENERIC FRIEND

SATURDAYS midnight until the sun smiles

MOMUS

Tender Pervert

(Creation)

Has Kunio the Friendless One finally found a friend in Momus, that wonderful English poet/singer whose newest album *Tender Pervert* threw Kunio into fits of ecstasy when he heard it while portaging down Yonge Street in Toronto? Never mind the icky electronic percussion that seems to follow Mr Currie aka Momus around wherever he sings, his compositions are studies in autobiographical frankness that can, and should, stand on their own. A powerful album, *Tender Pervert*

follows Momus' late adolescence with quiet reservation highlighted (softlighted?) by, Kunio believes, *The Homosexual*, Bishonen, and *The Charm of Innocence*, none of which should be presented to even the mildly suicidal. If Kunio did not fall at this man's feet when he discovered that Momus acknowledges Joe Orton ("Give me the ability to rage correctly"), then he most surely swooned when he saw the album cover which shows a charming Mr Currie with forefingers cum rabbit ears, standing in front of a blossom-filled tree. Sigh.

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Larry Thlessen
PLAYLOUD/THIS IS NOT A TEST
SUNDAYS 9:00pm-midnight

DIAMANDA GALAS
You Must Be Certain of the Devil

The trouble with carving a path in the cutting edge of any field is that once "there", you are expected to stay "there". Another problem is that artists with massive amounts of intelligence, discipline and creativity tend to sound schlocky when they don't use them. Some people will find this album embarrassing. Ms Galas should. It is an ill-suited part three of the plague mass trilogy *Masque of the Red Death*.

ANTIGROUP
Meontological Research Vol. One (Sweatbox)

This album came out last year and somehow missed me. Antigroup succeeds where Clock DVA didn't in blending variously jazz, experimental sound technology, dance rhythms, ethnics, noise, etc. This one stresses two and five above. The program notes are reminiscent of *Hafler Trio*. There is also an aural similarity in the sense that both sound crystalline, albeit academic. Antigroup's sounds, however, are trancelike (*Zoviet France*) and dark whereas *Hafler Trio* are "interesting". There is much here difficult to penetrate which begs further listening. Not the sort of thing expected of *Sweatbox Records*. Highly recommended.

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Nardwuar the Human Serviette
FRIDAYS 2:30-3:00pm

THE VICTORY MEN
Gonna Move (Prs 118)

Record collectors are always talking about how they found that "super-rare ultra cool disc" in a Salvation Army Thrift Store for only 49 cents. Well, since I am the nerdy do-it-all-better type, I just couldn't resist venturing into a Thrift store and trying to find that treasured platter. So on July 21, 1988 I spent a good dose of time searching through the North Van branch of the Sally Ann. After a few hours I found it! A sixties record from Vancouver, with the cover depicting four hipsters posing in front of the *Planetarium*. I mean WHOA! DAD! This group, who I had never heard of before, were called the Victorymen and boy, did they look totally boss. The record was quickly purchased by me, the new-fangled collector, and taken home to be worshipped for centuries to come. However, when I looked closely at the record, its true flavour emerged. This was a religious recording by a bunch of church members who "weren't interested in becoming social drop-outs". Their record label was aptly named *Praise*

Records, which claimed to offer the "finest sound in the world of sacred music". Now some "church" albums are groovy, but this one is downright filthy malarkey, with songs such as *Give Me Jesus*, *Jesus Knows about You*, *I Will Live for Jesus*, and *God Will Take Care of You*. In fact, the listener can only hear the vocals, which I'm sure was the whole point of this record. Despite the controversial segments of this disc it does have a uniquely Vancouver appeal. And they should deserve some credit for trying to cheat and deceive the teenagers of the 1960s into intensified religious devotion. For their gallant efforts, I declare *Gonna Move* by the Victorymen the best and worst 49 cent record I have ever bought.

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Demo-god Dale Sawyer
RADIO VOMIT
MONDAYS 3:00-5:00pm

CAPTAIN CRUNCH AND "LET'S DO LUNCH"
Five-song demo

One of the tapes that has recently caught my attention is not a Vancouver demo at all, but rather one that has found its way to CTR from that old Francophone village on the other side of this ultima thule called Canada, i.e. Montreal, Quebec. Calling themselves a "folk-core something-or-other" (Vancouver bands should be so quick to label themselves so succinctly just to make it easier on us serfs on the other end of their demo tapes), these guys get a well-deserved position on my personal demo hall of fame just on the strength of their brilliant songwriting alone. One track, the infectious *Captain Groovy* and *His Bubblegum Army*, is so catchy and is performed with such verve that it's enough to make the *Fleshtones* hide behind their mop-tops. Other tunes, like *Jennifer M.* and *Another Left Wavo*, also have that classic potential. Don't let the folk-core deceive you into thinking that these are contrived *Replacements* imitators. Their influences are more deeply rooted in mid-sixties radio pop; this may be a well-trodden path, especially in these parts, but *Captain Crunch* use it to their advantage to create a poppy, feel-good sound that should do quite well for them.

CRASH DUMMIES
Live at the Terminal City
Lawn Bowling Club

This is the latest cassette from the *Crash Dummies*, the band that dares to walk the fine line between innovation (*REMEMBER THAT?*) and whimsicality. It's titled *Live at the Terminal City Lawn Bowling Club* (I have a few theories as to the possible origins of that name—maybe you, dear reader, could find a few yourself). Its six tracks feature the prominent (read: loud) vocals and phallically-obsessed lyrics of musical wunderkind Paul backed up by noise cohorts Michael on guitar and glockenspiel, plus Alex on bass. The band doesn't do too many live gigs so your best chance at exposing yourself to their music would be to get your hot little hands on one of their many cassette projects of recent months. Their music is harsh and abrasive — in fact it kicks more butt using a drum machine and electronics than most stuff I hear on demo these days. A couple of beefs: the singer's aforementioned fascination with sexual matters — one track, *Is That Glue?*, deals with the hapless hero's attempts to explain the presence of a spermazoid substance on his girlfriend's tummy to an intruding mother — makes one feel like one is sniffing someone else's

underpants. As well, my attempts to pull a single cut for airplay are hindered by the way the individual songs run together.

Oh well, the latter's really my problem and if you can overlook the former then you will be rewarded with lyrics that are a scream — check out *Nadia*, *Nadia* in which reminiscences about lusting after former Romanian Olympic gymnast *Nadia Comaneci* are delivered in a style that resembles *Gene Chandler* giving *Bulgarian choir* music a shot. This music is like nothing you've ever heard before and frankly, deserves much more exposure. That's where I come in.

THE BRIDE STRIPPED BARE
Eight-song demo

This one has been kicking around for several months but it does merit some attention opportuned by this column. Like the *Crash Dummies*, they are trying something different; unlike the *Dummies* they play live and are much more serious in their approach. (Hey, they even do a version of *King Crimson's Red*.) However, this doesn't mean they can't be a whole bunch of fun, as in *Thank Heaven for Little Girls*, their cover of the *Werner and Lowe* tune. They do run into some trouble with their anarchic version of *American Woman* (used *Buthole Surfers* albums, anybody) and in the ultimately overdrawn *Danger Funk*. But overall the accomplished musicianship of the individual players will never let you down and this offering, which includes their awesome rendition of *Sonic Youth's Schizophrenia*, bodes that these guys are definite contenders for respectability and recognition in the alternative (huh? what's that?) music world.

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Rob Lorenz
SOUP STOCK FROM THE BONES OF THE ELEPHANT MAN
FRIDAYS midnight-5:00am

THE TEXAS INSTRUMENTS
Sun Tunnels
(Rabid Cat Records)

The little label that could has done it again. This time Austin-based *Rabid Cat Records*, the same folks who brought you two utterly disturbing and wondrous *Scratch Acid* releases plus numerous hardcore acts like *N.O.T.A.* and the *Offenders*, have once again penetrated indie charts and hearts with the latest project from *The Texas Instruments*. Comparable to *Dylan* with a thorn in his side, this modest young trio remain true to their folk calling through lyrical content by reflecting upon a number of social ills; *Some Kinda Surprise*, *The Daily Image*, and *The Thing In Apartment B*. *Sun Tunnels* is the band's second release on *Rabid Cat* and represents a further shift for the label to a more accessible product.

THE SUGARCUBES
Life's Too Good
(Elektra Records)

Next to whale by-products, the *Sugarcubes* are undoubtedly Iceland's hottest export. Unlike the senseless slaughter of whales, the *Cubes* are much more palatable with their off-beat dance rhythms and black sense of humour. Note these lines from *Birthday*, "...she's five years old, threads worms on a string, keeps spiders in her pockets, collects fly-wings in a jar, scrubs horselies and pinches them on a line". Female singer Björk's sinister voice contrasts well with *Einar Orn's* made-for-*Stu Jeffries* vocals. This however is not the stuff

LOCAL Motion

I guess I'm the eternal student, but it's always September and not January that feels like the first month of the year to me. So this is the first Local Motion of the new year, and time to discuss this column's philosophy.

Local Motion doesn't want to be any kind of definitive statement about what's happening in Vancouver - it's just a little column that tries to fill a couple of gaps in Disorder (which, like CiTR, is pretty well everything). And so, just as Disorder's always looking for more contributors, Local Motion needs tapes and bios and general gossip notes and stuff - the more the better. So if you're in a band, please send (or drop by) demos and news (but just remember that our deadline is a lot earlier than most people think - something like three weeks before an issue comes out).

Unfortunately, too, with all the huge amounts of tapes that do roll in, I usually only get a chance to review a fraction of them, and sometimes it seems as if it's supernatural factors that decide which ones they are (but hey, I'm trying...). So this month instead of talking about some of August's cooler gigs (like Corsage and the Enigmas at the Town Pump), I'm going to try to cover as many demos as possible:

Feast of Fools - "Victoria" Now these four fellas are from Calgary, which for some reason (along with BC's capital) is the source of most of my favourite demo tapes. Maybe

I'm just a sucker for lyrics like "You leave me in euphoria, Victoria," but (in spite of a slightly strange and muddy mix) this charmed me. This song has two very important things going for it (important for pop songs, I mean) - you can sing along with it after the first chorus and it doesn't go on and on and on...

Dan Danger - "Wish Away Your Days" Dan's a guitarist, locally famous for having been in Stubborn Blood, and it's the guitar that's strongest in this song. The intro reminds me a bit of the Enigmas' Pancho Villa and the guitar continues on in that sort of vein - unfortunately the vocals don't seem well-enough recorded to go along with it, and the drums sound almost one-handed. But this is a good, well-written song and it'd be nice to hear it under better circumstances.

Tin God - "Contradictions" Once again a pretty good song but I couldn't help feeling that Mike Graham's lyrics (on the theme of doublespeak) weren't working well with Doug Andrews' vocals, which come off as almost sneering.

Tombstone Etiquette - "Lies" This is a not bad song with a nice hook or two but I don't think the gimmick of the female backup vocalist singing along with the lead vocals works most of time here. Maybe if the arrangement were more like Cannon Heath Down's "The Light That's In Your Eyes" (a damn good song), or at least if the vocals were a little lower in the mix.?

Poona!Poona!Poona! - "Lips Were

Made For Kissing" Wow, this is silly - it could be the product of a John Trubee school of songwriting. A funny spare sound - bass, harmonica, vocals and some high, thin drums. The tape, entitled Clutch of the Rodent, came with an excellent bio note linking the band to burritos and Ice Capades, among other things.

Last Wild Sons - "Northern Hillbilly Man" Formerly the Rockin' Edsells, these guys share their drummer and vocalist with the Nervous Fellas, another really good (and fun) rockabilly band. Nice clean effective arrangement and production but perhaps not as swingin'/rockin' as a couple of the other songs on the tape. Great vocals.

Raised by Wolves - "Slimeball Soulmart" Not knowing anything about jazz or Winnipeg (this band's home town), I can't say much about this tape, except that I like it. It's fast, it's hard, and the female singer's impressive.

Terminal City - "City Love" Yeah, I already raved about this tape last month, but I'll plug it again. Terminal City's working on putting out a record, and if there was any justice in this world they wouldn't have to be doing this demo thing anymore (so there).

Zorga - "Mist Filled Forest" Not the usual CiTR fare. Loaded with panning, trilling flutes and extremely nicely recorded. Actually better than I've probably made it sound.

Mark Chalecki - "A Waltz" I can't say why this reminds me of things I've heard at the planetarium - it's pleasant enough synth piano in 3/4 (of course) with hissyly recorded voices coming in here and there. How and why these particular phrases (e.g. "every government is oppressive") were chosen I cannot say. Quite interesting, actually.

Deisme - "Minute" From a 20-song cassette of industrial-type stuff by a guy in Toronto. In a way, it reminds me of a lower-key, guitarless Butthole Surfers track, but that could just be me.

Playdoh Republic - "Burnt" I miss Playdoh so I'd like to say I enjoyed this, but "Burnt" is a bit too difficult to listen to for me. Odd rhythms, and melody. Odd everything, actually (but people who can count past four ought to be attracted to the emotion and stuff).

Andrea's Fault - "Bewitched" We've had this tape since February, so, to be fair, I should say the band could be a lot different now. The vocalist can sing but she does seem to be posing, and the lyrics ("Don't fight the change/Breakdown/I feel the power/When you're around") are often cliches. Somewhat unappealing synth, too.

Crazy Fingers - "Navigation Strange" These guys are much loved by local Deadheads but this song doesn't do much for me - the guitar feels really busy and maybe just beyond what the guitarist is comfortable playing. Everything, even the vocals, sounds somehow cluttered to me, as if someone in the band thought the song was too simple and then set out to complicate it. Long, too.

Janis

of Good Rockin' Tonite as the band tests the limits of commercial viability with songs like **F***ing in Rhythm and Sorrow**, and the album cover and sleeve which are laden with caricatures of male and female genitalia.

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Rockin' Patrick
THE KNIGHT AFTER
WEDNESDAYS midnight-4:00am

PUBLIC ENEMY
It Takes A Nation of Millions To Hold Us Back
(Def Jam)

"You can dance to it and it's got a good beat, I'll give it a 95..." Not that Dick Clark would ever have them on **American Bandstand**—No sellout here. Radical rappers mix metal, gospel, samplings, stolen beats and politically correct lyrics. Terminator X is brilliant again. Party for your right to fight. Cold feeling my power.

PATTI SMITH
Dream of Life
(Arista)

Why? Did she need the money or is she so out of touch that she believes Dream to be good? Patti should have gone the Ian Curtis way. Nothing will ever equal Horses. Certainly not this pabulum meant for yuppies to play on their BMW CD decks.

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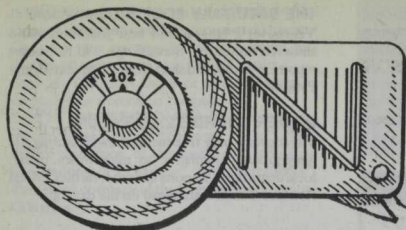
Kirby Scott Hill
TRIBES AND SHADOWS
TUESDAYS 3:00-5:00pm
PAUL SERRET
Tapis Volant

Tapis Volant, released in 1987 by Vancouver based santoor player **Paul Serret**, describes itself as a "magical musical adventure". The santoor is a tonal, stringed instrument indigenous to Iran. Paul has travelled to Iran and Egypt to study the instrument, the playing techniques and its relativity to the Iranian culture. In the hi-tech eighties, santoor players are hard to come by, especially in Iran where the Ayatollah has banned music.

Serret explores the tonal dynamics of the instrument, taking it beyond its cultural references, to relate his own experiences as an artist. On this his second album, Paul incorporates contemporary technology and instrumentation with the aid of local players **Mohammed Sadek** (darbuka), **Geoffrey Wakefield** (synthesizer), and **Russel Shumsky**, **Leslie Fiddler**, and **Bill Mutual** (percussion), and has produced a richly textured, 'world music' oriented LP.

Cuts such as **Troubadour** highlight Paul's technique. Mostly however, the album concentrates on textures, with the distinct instrumentation coherently blending into song tapestries, as the title suggests.

Accessible to New Music/New Age/World Music fans, this album also demonstrates that quality new music is being conceived and produced in Vancouver.



CiTR

101.9 FM

"But I can't pick up CiTR," you say. Bull shit. You're just lazy. You could improve your reception of CiTR by simply putting a little effort into it. Stick your clothes hanger or some other kind of antenna to your receiver. Buy a cable splitter from your local stereo shop and tap into cable FM. Better yet, yank the cable from your TV, plug it into your receiver and leave it there. Besides, TV causes brain cancer. Stick CiTR in your ear!

SPECIAL BROADCAST

Tue, Sept 6:
LIVE FROM THE PLAZA — CiTR Radio & Bob's Your Uncle 8:15am-5:00pm
 Come to the Plaza outside UBC's Student Union Building and treat your senses to live radio and a rock concert, too. CiTR presents local quirky popsters Bob's Your Uncle — two sets broadcast live from the Plaza at 11:30am and 12:30pm. Some of CiTR's grooviest DJs mix up the rest of the day's aural assault. So be at the Plaza or go to your radio...your choice. Everybody deserves an earful on the first day of classes.

DAILY HIGHLIGHTS

MONDAYS

ALIEN WATCHDOG 1:20-3:00pm

OK space cadets, stay tuned... Updates on UFO sightings, discovery of Alien babies, and the rumoured extraterrestrial landing on September 21st. Also the newest and oldest tunes from local bands and, of course, your requests.

CRAPSHOOT 5:30-6:00pm

School's starting again and those crazy and de-ranked Crapshooters are back for more zany action. The panel includes a Liberal (or reasonable facsimile thereof), a Tory, a New Democrat, and our favorite, a member of the Christian Heritage Party.

HOT PINK 6:00-8:00pm

Ex-Life After Bed host Gamet Harry does what he does best: absolutely nothing.

MORE DINOSAURS 8:00-9:00pm

Songs of the Sixties behemoths and the teenage garage triceratops.

the dial

	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
7:30							
8:00	CITR NEWS, SPORTS AND WEATHER AND DAILY FEATURE						
9:00			D.L.T	The Spice of Life		The Saturday Edge	Are you Surey Us Music?
10:00							
11:00		Pest Control	Battersca Park Gardens	Better Hohm's & Garlick's			
12:00	Soup de Jour					BRUNCH REPORT	
1:00	BBC WORLD REPORT CITR NEWS, SPORTS AND WEATHER						
2:00	Alien Watchdog	Blood On The Saddle	The PTL Show		EXPO 66	Power Chord	The Rockers Show
3:00					Nardwuar		
4:00		In Context	The PTL Show (Cont)	Mike n' Gav	Absolute Value of Noise	Neophile	The Blues and Soul Show
5:00		Tribes & Shadows					
6:00	NEWS, SPORTS, WEATHER, GENERIC REVIEW, INSIGHT AND DAILY FEATURE						
7:00	CrapShoot	Fine Lines	B.C. Folk	Talk	The Radio Show	Deadly Doom	Sat. Magazine
8:00	Hot Pink	Neon Meate Dream	After The Goddess	The Vinyl Frontier	Interference	Sat. Magazine	Sun. Magazine
9:00	More Dinosaurs		The African Show	Top Of The Bops		Radio Infrequency	Just Like Women/Electronic Smoke Signals
10:00	The Jazz Show	Swirlin' Vinyl Spin	Permanent Culture Shock	The Can-Con Job	Stomp On That Boppa-Tron		Playloud This Is Not A Test
11:00						Tunes 'R' Us	
12:00							
1:00							In The Grip Of Incoherency
2:00	Environmental Scatology	Aural Tentacles	The Knight After		Soup Stock From The Bones	Generic Friend	
3:00							
4:00							

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00-12:30am

Vancouver's longest running prime time Jazz program hosted by the ever-suave Gavin Walker. Sept 5: Wynton Marsalis' first "live" album. The phenomenal Mr. Marsalis with his Quartet (now defunct) recorded at the "Blues Alley" in Washington, D.C.

Sept 12: "Soultrane" is a classic album by tenor saxophonist-innovator John Coltrane. Recorded during the late fifties when the Coltrane style was beginning to take shape, it features Coltrane with Red Garland (piano), Paul Chambers (bass) and Arthur Taylor (drums). Also an interview with Coltrane recorded in 1960.

Sept 19: Something educational...A History of Jazz narrated by the late, great alto-saxophonist Julian "Cannonball" Adderley. This informal and easy-to-take history of Jazz from its beginnings to 1960 (when this was recorded) is still one of the best records of its kind.

Sept 26: "GO!" is the title of what is considered by many to be the best album by the great saxophonist Dexter Gordon, the living Jazz legend who starred in the movie, "Round Midnight". Here he is in prime musical form with Sonny Clark (piano), Butch Warren (bass) and Mr. Billy Higgins (drums). Recorded in 1961 on Blue Note.

TUESDAYS

PEST CONTROL 10:00 - 1:00 pm

The diabolical Jerome Braodway delivers humming sounds and killer bee updates.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE 1:20-3:00pm

Every Tuesday, music to scrape the cowshit off your boots to. Host: Jeff Gray.

IN CONTEXT 3:00 - 4:00pm

Hosted by Kirby Hill.

Sept 13: Margie Gillis discusses "Dance in Context". Legends of Africa: Miriam Makeba and Abdullah Ibrahim.

Sept 20: Again, a look at Dance in Vancouver. Interview/profile: Private Music's Tangerine Dream.

Sept 27: The first performance of the Vancouver New Music Society's 88/89 Season. Interview/profile: NONO MIYA.

TRIBES AND SHADOWS 4:00 - 5:00pm

Host: K. Scott Hill.

Sept 13: "Indigenous Music" from Egypt, India, Africa.

Sept 20: "Room for an Art" Part IV: with Graham McGarva, Chief Planner for Pacific Place.

Sept 27: Egyptian Paradigms.

FINE LINES 5:30-6:30PM

Literary criticism and review in a Canadian vein from the studios of CFUV, the radio station of UVIC.

NEON MEATE DREAM 6:30-9:00pm

"Neon Meate Dream", the radio show, wishes to stress that it has no connection with "Neon Meat Dream", the 24 hour non-stop auto-erotic video massage parlour and hamburger bar. Any similarity in content is entirely accidental, and the producers of the show would like to apologize for any possible inconvenience or embarrassment.

WEDNESDAYS

D.L.T. 7:30 - 10:00am

Darren, lettuce, and tomatoe.

BATTERSEA PARK GARDENS

10:00-1:00pm

"Rotting flowers, rotting Ginsberg, rotting basements, stifling mildew, time to cut and burn."

THE P.T.L. SHOW 1:20 - 5:00pm

Quite simply...Paula, the Radio Sex Goddess, Takes Liberties. Rock stars interviewed, too.

B.C. FOLK 5:30-6:00pm

Who are B.C. folk? Listen to the thoughts and music of B.C. Folk artists. Hosted by Barbara Waldem.

AFTER THE GODDESS 6:00-8:00pm

It's only Psychotechnoindustrialpopkidediscoraprock, but we like it.

THE AFRICAN SHOW 8:00-9:30pm

The latest in modern African dance music plus/minus a few oldie-but-greats and extras. Your host: Umerah P. Onukwulu. Welcome.

THE KNIGHT AFTER midnite-very late

Rockin' Patrick and his pals Ralph (the wino) and Juan Valdez present music to do maintenance drinking by. Pick up a 24 pack, bolt your speakers to the house frame and turn it up. MARLIN PERKINS MUSICAL HOUR brings you more amazing sounds from places you never heard of. This month: Nox, Sorority Sampler, Penny Kemp, Fellini and F/L.

THURSDAYS

THE MIKE AND GAV SHOW 3:00-5:00pm

Mike has returned from the jail time he spent with Jerry Garcia for sodomizing tie-dyed T-shirt sellers, Gav keeps on trucking.

IT'S JUST TALK WITH RJ MOORHOUSE

5:30-6:00pm

A talk show committed to bringing the issues before you, the concerned listener.

Sept 15: Telereg: Was It Worth the Hassle?

Sept 22: Gays & Lesbians of UBC: Should the Student Council fund them?

Sept 29: The Socreds: Fact or Fiction?

TOP OF THE BOPS 8:00-9:00pm

Hosted by Marc Coulvain.

CAN CON JOB 9:00-midnite

If you'd like to perform your music live on this show phone Deded during the show (228-2487).

Sept 1: Against the Grain and The Evaporators

Sept 8: Excited First Daughter

Sept 15: Crazy Fingers

Sept 22 & 29: TBA

FRIDAYS

THE NEW EXPO '66 1:20-2:30pm

Live from the pavilions of the WORLD'S MUSIC FAIR.

NARDWUAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE

PRESENTS... 2:30-3:00pm

Every show we feature a cut from the Victorymen's album, "Gonna Move."

Sept 2: "Give Me Jesus"

Sept 9: "Jesus Knows About You"

Sept 16: "I Will Live For Jesus"

Sept 23: "God Will Take Care Of You"

Sept 30: "Who Am I?"

THE RADIO SHOW 5:30-6:00pm

Join host Andrea Lupini and friends for in-depth coverage of the Vancouver Fringe Festival (Sept. 2nd and 9th), the music and writing of Miriam Makeba (Sept. 16th) and the usual miscellany of commentary on the local scene.

INTERFERENCE 6:00-9:00pm

For maximum enjoyment of this program, please turn your radio off. 100% live mix—Beware of imitations.

SOUP STOCK FROM THE BONES OF THE

ELEPHANT MAN midnight-5:00am

Sept 2: West Germany's Orgasm Records

Sept 9: Virgin's extensive African folk music division- Earthworks

Sept 16: Texas Hall Records

Sept 23: Various independent music from Europe

SATURDAYS

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00am-noon

Vancouver's biggest and best folk/roots radio show is hosted by Steve Edge. U.K. soccer reports at 11:30, and then "The Compleat Monty Python".

POWER CHORD 12:15-3:00pm

Vancouver's only true metal show, featuring the underground alternative to mainstream metal: local demo tapes, imports and other rarities. Metal Ron and Gerald Rattlehead do the damage.

NEOPHILE 3:00-5:00pm

For the newest of the new, listen as John and Chris (the ones who get our records) tear off record wrappers.

DEADLY DOOM OF DARKNESS

5:00-6:00pm

Delve into a nightmarish pit of despair and remorse with your host Dudley Do-Dread. Dark and Dancy music.

RADIO INFREQUENCY 6:30-9:00pm

**Summer Rental (1985, Comedy). John Candy, Karen Austin. An overworked air-traffic controller and his family head for Florida for a little rest 'n' relaxation that turns out to be catastrophe 'n' calamity. (3 hrs)

TUNES 'R' US 9:00-midnight

The incredible music show from two incredible people. Join us for three hours of fun and foolishness. But mostly music!

GENERIC FRIEND midnite-sunrise

(I'm serious)

B/PoC/M n/s n/d n/e early 20's, chubby, bespectacled, naive idealist seeking like companion on a perhaps futile trek to delve through the depths of humanity to find that Nirvana that must exist somewhere. Tune in and hear a truly pathetic person.

Dec 24: Special Christmas Eve Special

Dec 31: Special New Year's Eve Special

SUNDAYS

ARE YOU SURREY US MUSIC? 8:00am-noon

A Spaniard and a Dutchman from the far side of the Fraser play big hits and other noises that some folks call serious music, and others call shit. Your hosts, Igor and Arnold, do not know or care who is right. Turn up your earphones to maximize the damage to your brain.

THE ROCKERS' SHOW 12:15-3:00pm

Reggae, Rock Steady, and Ska. News and interviews about Reggae music worldwide. With your host: George Barrett.

BLUES, BLUES, BLUES/SOUL CITY

3:00-6:00pm

This is the real stuff from the Deep South — the Deep South side of Chicago. There's also West Side Blues, Gospel, and Soul from the Motor City to the Mississippi bayou.

JUST LIKE WOMEN/ELECTRONIC

SMOKE SIGNALS 6:30-9:00pm

Sept 4: WOMEN: In recognition of the Labour Day weekend, we will be talking about women and the work they do that goes unrecognised.

Sept 11: SMOKE SIGNALS: Feature report on

the 2nd National Convention and Gathering of the Greens. Speeches from the International Uranium Congress plus our regular news roundup and listings of community and political events.

Sept 18: WOMEN Our back-to-school show on health for women on campus.

Sept 25: SMOKE SIGNALS: Feature report on the emerging Greens movement in the USSR, with a discussion of the social and ecological implications of "Glasnost" and "Perestroika". Continued coverage of the International Uranium Congress.

PLAYLOUD/THIS IS NOT A TEST

9:00-midnight

Which aberration made the only sensible deed, suicide, the sole right of the afflicted?"

(E.M. Cioran)

Aural surgery performed by Larry Thiessen.

IN THE GRIP OF INCOHERENCY

midnight til the cows come home

Your unintelligible hosts Bareman and Guido bring you mayhem in the wee hours.

NEWS HIGHLIGHTS

WEEKDAYS

THE CITR MORNING NEWS 8:00 - 8:20am

A "cut the Crap" style wake-up report. All the trimmings, as well as a FEATURE REPORT and UBC Digest.

THE CITR AFTERNOON TEA

1:00 - 1:20pm

Live from London, England, the BBC World Service. Local news, sports and weather served promptly after. Sorry, no scones.

THE CITR NEWS MAGAZINE

5:00 - 5:30pm

Our in-depth half hour report, with a FEATURE REPORT focusing on UBC and the Lower Mainland.

FEATURE REPORTS 8:00am & 5:00pm

MONDAY FEATURES

Sept 12: Can UBC computers replace the game of golf?

Sept 19: The UBC lithoprobe project: how B.C. once looked.

Sept 26: How one's culture affects decision making.

TUESDAY FEATURES

Sept 6: Time Management: sorting out a busy life.

Sept 13: A new UBC telescope that sees further than ever.

Sept 20: Vancouver Quadra's new NDP runner.

Sept 27: A great tooth decay weapon that's being ignored.

WEDNESDAY FEATURES

Sept 7: UBC's research saving trucking industry millions.

Sept 14: Finding gold on trees.

Sept 21: Vancouver's ESL crisis.

Sept 28: A pesticide that's harmless? You bet.

THURSDAY FEATURES

Sept 8: Canada's own Stonehenge: The Medicine Wheels.

Sept 15: Your auditory guide to a fitness test.

Sept 22: The dangers of short-term famine relief.

Sept 29: Asian expertise: what North Americans are lacking in the business world.

SPINLIST

ARTIST

MALCOLM'S INTERVIEW

CURRENT 93/NURSE WITH WOUND

VARIOUS

JAMES BROWN

THE TIMELORDS

JOY DIVISION

VAN MORRISON & THE CHIEFTAINS

WIRE

IGGY POP

SHRIEKBACK

DEPECHE MODE

WORLD DOMINATION ENTERPRISES

*ART BERGMANN

DIAMANDA GALAS

*PLUNDERPHONICS

SEVERED HEADS

PUBLIC ENEMY

THE LOOTERS

*THE SHUFFLE DEMONS

*MOEV

PETER TOSH

PATTI SMITH

*FOUR THE MOMENT

SHORT DOGS GROW

PALADINS

KILLING JOKE

BEATNIGS

REVOLTING COCKS

THE WEATHERMEN

YOUNG FRESH FELLOWS

*AFTER ALL

MANUFACTURE

JOHNNY CLEGG AND SAVUKA

VARIOUS

ZOOZ RIFT

* DENOTES CANADIAN CONTENT

TITLE

BREAKFAST IN BEDLAM

FAITH'S FAVOURITE

ANGEL DUST

I'M REAL

DOCTORIN' THE TARDIS

SUBSTANCE

IRISH HEARTBEAT

A BELL IS A CUP UNTIL...

INSTINCT

GO BANG

ROUTE 66/BEHIND THE WHEEL

LET'S PLAY DOMINATION

CRAWL WITH ME

YOU MUST BE CERTAIN OF ...

ELVIS IGOR COUNT DOLLY

GREATER REWARD

DON'T BELIEVE THE HYPE

FLASHPOINT

BOP RAP

YEAH WHATEVER

THE TOUGHEST

DREAM OF LIFE

WE'RE STILL STANDING

MATT DILLON

YEARS SINCE YESTERDAY

OUTSIDE THE GATE

BEATNIGS

LIVE

THE BLACK ALBUM ACCORDING...

TOTALLY LOST

BULLETS

ARMED FORCES

SHADOW MAN

TIME BOMB

NONENTITY

LABEL

SPECIAL DELIVERY

YANKGI

BLAST FIRST

SCOTTI BROS.

KLF RECORDS

FACTORY

MERCURY

ENIGMA

A&M

ISLAND

MUTE

CAROLINE

DUKE STREET

MUTE

MYSTERY LAB

NETTWERK

DEF JAM

ISLAND

STONEY PLAIN

NETTWERK

EMI

ARISTA

JUST A MINUTE

ROUGH TRADE

ALLIGATOR

EG RECORDS

ALT. TENTACLE

WAX TRAX

PLAY IT

AGAIN

FRONTIER

CAPITOL

NETTWERK

CAPITOL

SKYCLAD

SST

FRIDAY FEATURES

WHAT HAPPENED THIS WEEK IN THE NEWS? Tune in and find out.

UBC DIGEST

8:20am, 12:30pm, 4:00pm, 7:00pm

Aired four times a day, cryptic messages about what's happening here on the campus next door to that world famous sun-tanning strip.

WEEKENDS

THE CITR BRUNCH REPORT

12:00-12:10pm

THE SATURDAY/SUNDAY MAGAZINE

6:00-6:30pm

UBC DIGEST 12:10pm, 4:00pm

SPORTS HIGHLIGHTS

THUNDERBIRD FOOTBALL Saturdays

Sept 3: Alberta at UBC, 6:30pm

Sept 10: SFU at UBC (Shrum Bowl), 7:30pm

Oct 1: Saskatchewan at UBC, 7:30pm

Oct 15: UBC at Alberta, noon

Oct 22: Manitoba at UBC, 7:30pm

Oct 29: Calgary at UBC, 1:00pm

Sonic-Styled Clam Chowder

CITR is 51 years old. The flower yuppies of 1967 are now 21 years older. New babies are born every day. Things have changed. But hey, what's the scoop on those misguided, acne-clad teenagers of the mid-sixties? Well my friend, they were a weird grungy bunch of angst-ridden youths who expressed their feelings through wild, zesty, hamburger-flavoured music. Here's the proof: take the case of the Sonics from Tacoma, Washington, a band of gentlemen who could blow away any group, anytime, anywhere with their sheer onslaught of intensity. Not only were they the ultimate garage rock gods of the sixties, but they were also extremely popular in the Pacific Northwest. Their single *The Witch* was the Northwest's greatest selling single next to *Louie Louie* by the Kingsmen. They were innovative and excit-

ing; however, the question still remains as to why the Sonics did not make it big. The answer might be explained as "geographical isolation", for the Northwest is nuzzled into a corner of the continent seldom frequented by talent scouts. Unfortunately, the Sonics felt that they could become nationally known by staying in the Pacific Northwest. They were wrong, and by the time the Sonics had switched from their independent label (Etiquette) to a local label with national distribution (Jerden) the tide had turned on them. Maybe they should have moved to LA. Could that have been their ticket to stardom? Well anyway, in late 1966 tragedy struck - the Sonics broke up. The Sonics were not one-hit wonders, but were at least 12-hit wonders in the Pacific Northwest. Just as well they never really made it big anywhere else, for we here in the Northwest need our very own daily dish of Sonic-styled clam chowder.

John Ruskin

The people of Whidbey Island are a simple, common, friendly, patriotic breed who are totally dependent on the Navy's \$315 million investment in the island. Economically, it would be a disaster if the Navy were to leave, so most people on Whidbey Island are fully behind the idea of having the Navy's tactical electronic warfare squadrons hovering above their backyards. Also, Jesus does a lot of listening in the city of Oak Harbor where there are over 25 churches in a town of only 13,400. There are still many other neat places to visit, such as the beautiful Deception Pass State Park and the interesting Fort Casey; however, none rate higher on the list than the local bastion for all-ages rock n' roll - **Babylon Music and Art**. It is an old movie theatre that has been converted into a record store/concert hall. Since opening up a few months ago, all-ages concerts with the *Accused*, *Nomeansno*, *The Scramblers*, and *The Angry Samoans* have all left their mark on the sweet and tranquil city of Oak Harbor. Jean, the bright and colourful owner of Babylon, has decorated half of her store with the image of that godlike eye printed on every US dollar bill. She is also very interested in recruiting some Canadian rock n' roll talent to help infiltrate the minds of the local American concertgoers who frequent her club. (Bands thinking about playing in Whidbey Island should call Jean at 206-675-7262.) From Vancouver it's only a 2 hour drive to Oak Harbor, and as a further scenic driving bonus you get to pass through the oil-drenched city of Anacortes. While you're there, stop at the local nightspot *Los Amigos* (709 Commercial Ave) where native all-age teen zit bands *The Pounding Serfs*, *Dead Logs of Hypocrisy*, and *Lounge Love* have all been rumoured to play. So, come along if you dare, come along if you care, come to the golden and sacred land of Whidbey Island.

John Ruskin

Whidbey Island: Babylon of the NW?

Smothered in the corner of the Northwestern United States is a quaint and picturesque place called Whidbey Island. Known for its Naval Air Station located in Oak Harbor, Whidbey Island is often referred to as "the best kept secret in the Navy". Why? The answer is simple: active duty Navy personnel all have experienced the bountiful fishing, hiking, sailing, and hunting of the island. No other naval base in the United States is able to provide such fringe benefits to its men and women. Nevertheless, Whidbey Island is a Naval Air Station, and the fun can only last as long as the Admiral desires. The sound of freedom is what really matters.

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(604) 987-1975
- 306 FITZWILLIAM ST., NANAIMO, B.C. V9R 3A5
(604) 754-4335

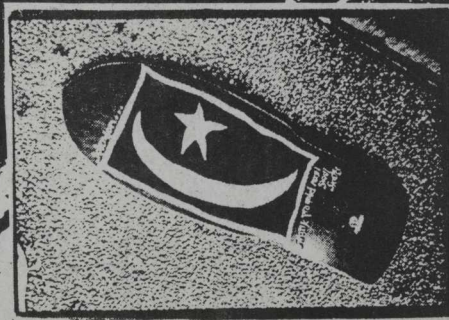
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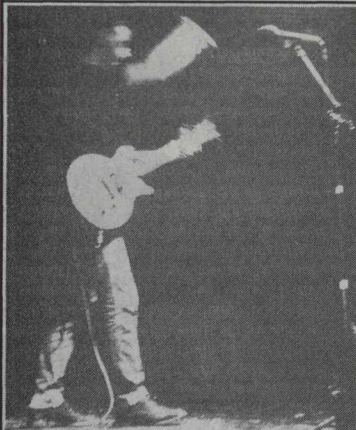
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From Nigeria

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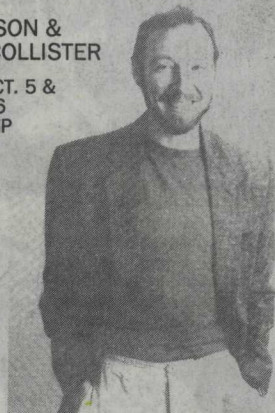
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